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Conflict after Class (Longmans, 1965), the University of Essex, 6s.) reprinting the Noel Buxton lecture delivered at the University of Essex, 1964, by Ralf Dahrendorf, Professor of Sociology at the University of Frankfurt.

...American historian would who might read him with pro-
...ably go along with ... as he use

might well need to be reconsidered in the light of that change, he concluded.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Music

BALLADRY

CHARLES HAYWOOD: *Folk Songs of the World*. 320pp. Illustrated by Carl Smith. Arthur Barker. £2 5s.

The nineteenth century saw the beginning of the scientific study of folk-song. Nationalism in European music provided a motive for collecting the songs of the people nation by nation. The invention of sound-recording in later times enabled anthropologists to put what for convenience may be called oriental and exotic music on a firmer basis of study than had previously been possible and the new science of ethnomusicology was born. More recently still, encouraged by the foundation (in this country, to our credit) of the International Folk Music Council (I.F.M.C.), some real advance in comparative study, the inevitability of which had always been recognized, was made possible. The amount of material to be compared was daunting but in the present decade a shift from national accumulation to international comparison has begun and has revealed that many folk tunes cross national frontiers and that similar ballads turn up all over the place, so that we are now approaching in folk music the old anthropological wrangle between scattered evolutionary origins and geographical diffusion from one source.

The present book is an ambitious undertaking which for the first time enables the musician to survey mankind from China to Peru, or rather, in the order of presentation, from America to Australia, with some confidence that what he has before him is authentic. How representative are the specimens chosen by Mr. Haywood is not to be determined, because national folk-song is wayward and is not representing anybody but the singers. Idiomatic features, however, can be isolated: features of mode, rhythm, phrase-length, favoured interval, compass and so on, which can be spotted without recourse to a computer. This Mr. Haywood has done

and summarized in brief essays preceding each continental group of tunes. He cannot fully represent any single country, since there are provincial distinctions—in Spain, for instance, not to mention our own Celtic fringe—but he has assembled 172 songs with texts (transliterated where necessary into our Latin alphabet), English translations and brief explanatory notes. One has every confidence in his selection and his learning because he is a member of I.F.M.C., indeed the president of its American section, a professor of music, and from internal evidence. Thus he calls attention to Italian and Swedish versions of "Lord Rendal" produces an unusual version (instead of the ordinary one) of the American "John Henry", discovers a version of the Northumbrian "The Keel Row" in New Zealand, finds an equivalent of "Barbara Allen" (text, not tune) in Bulgaria, notes Andalusian influence in Tunisia, refers to Jaap Kunst for Indonesia and provides a bibliography of sources. He consulted sources not named in it and he makes his acknowledgments, but he would have greatly helped the student if instead of printing them as a solid block at the beginning he had noted where he had derived each song on the page on which he prints it. This indeed is the only complaint to be made about an extremely valuable book. For he disarms criticism of his choice, as any anthropologist is entitled to do—it is his book and his choice and if someone complains of omissions he says, "Very well, mea culpa, how much easier it would have been to compile a volume in which every facet of the people's lives would be reflected". Actually, such a book would defeat its own ends on the ground of bulk. Rather we should be thankful for what we have got.

RECORDING THE RING

JOHN CULSHAW: *Ring Resounding*. 284pp. Secker and Warburg. £2 10s.

The great impresarios of musical history from Diaghilev to his more commercially inclined successors have always given more to art than they have taken from it. In the past they promoted exclusively "live" performances, but the shifting patterns of post-war patronage have given the gramophone companies great power in this field, and here two names and the companies they represented come outstandingly to mind: Walter Legge, of E.M.I., with his creation of the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, his effective sponsorship of first Karajan and then Klemperer, his authoritative way with the classics and complete operas; and John Culshaw, of Decca, with his early confidence in opera stereo and his pioneering record of the complete *Ring* cycle. Each has made a tremendous contribution, each has temporarily or for ever left the gramophone field, but only Mr. Culshaw has written about his work. Can we hope that Mr. Legge too will some day take time off from brilliant musical conversation to put some of it down in writing?

Decca's *Ring* was recorded between 1958 and 1965, but the project matured for years before that, from an abortive attempt to take the whole cycle live from Bayreuth in 1951 and again in 1955, through ideas to do it with Flagstad in the twilight of her career, until finally the whole thing evolved into the form in which it has reached the gramophone, with Solti conducting a cast headed by Birgit Nilsson, Windgassen, Hotter and Frick of the dominant Wagnerians of the period, and with a recording team which grew with the challenge.

This book tells the backstage story in some detail—the gathering of the artists, making the schedules, the rehearsals, the "takes", the crises, the editing, the sales—most of it generally entertaining and all of it of outstanding interest to anyone particularly concerned with opera or the gramophone. We hear of a moving correspondence with the dying Flagstad and of her dislike of hearing her name pronounced as it was in German: "Flasgladi" (and yet in Berlin in October, this reviewer saw Decca's own early *Walküre* set spell-

ing her name that way!). We are told of the technical trick (quite legitimate) which makes Siegfried sound like Gunther at the end of the first act of *Götterdämmerung*; we read of Nilsson's reaction to hearing test pressings on a poor hotel gramophone and of her greeting the arrival of a live Gramme in the middle of the *Götterdämmerung* recording; we are told what the Vienna Phil's first horn said when technicians played him his own a specially prepared, thin, "French style" version of Siegfried's horn call; we learn of Varnay's refusal to take on Fricka after Flagstad had died; we live through near-disaster towards the end of *Walküre* sessions and the consequently muted celebration of the successful conclusion of the vast project. A fascinating record then of a major undertaking, perhaps the greatest in the gramophone's history.

But could it—should it—have been more than that? Has the author set his sights too low and written a narrative of a campaign and its problems where he might have given us a strategic treatise? There are frequent hints that he could have done this, with his considerable insight into Wagnerian problems and his sense of modern gramophone, but he breaks off, for instance, an illuminating and scholarly disquisition on the horn calls heralding Hunding's entry in Act II of *Die Walküre* to describe the hunt for a Swiss alpine horn on which to play the low Cs of which the call consists. Each is fascinating but the one adds to our lore of recording history, the other illuminates our knowledge of Wagner.

When it comes to the future of stereo Mr. Culshaw is more challenging but sometimes on shakier ground. To begin with he cannot resist a swipe in and out of season at collectors of old records, whom he treats as the enemies of progress. Talking of stereo, he says: "It was a development for today's listener: it could not be expected to appeal to those sentimental folk whose greatest listening pleasure comes from hearing ancient 78 r.p.m. records made by the ladies and gentlemen of the so-called golden age."

On the bigger issue he adumbrates his position early on in the book: "A stereo opera recording is not a transcription of a performance, but a re-creation of the opera in a new medium, quite different from those of an opera house." And in the preface he says: "By the same token, a good film of a good play is not a good play because it conveys the essence of the play in a new medium—agreed, but not by the same token!" The music here seems danger; after all, the context of the saying is a recording of *The Ring*, not something whose technical attributes (like the Beatles' most recent discs) make it hardly viable outside the studio. On the next page, however, doubts are partially assuaged:

Like any other medium, stereo can be abused; and once it begins to draw attention to itself and away from the music, it serves, something can reasonably be said to have gone wrong—not with stereo as such, but with the way in which it is being handled.

This admirable sentiment seems to fit less than perfectly with the earlier sentence comparing stereo with film as a new medium. But in the final analysis, of course, the essence of Decca's *Ring* is that it is a musical and not only a stereo achievement, with technique all the time at Wagner's service, endeavouring, usually with success, to fulfil his directions in a way that is out of reach of all but the best equipped opera houses. Daringly, the inherent danger is fairly and squarely faced in the last chapter: "Somehow, in our efforts to get the best of Hotter, we had let the final scene of the opera fall apart in a way that was wholly uncharacteristic of Solti", and Mr. Culshaw's achievement as recording impresario is that he has always recognized what was wrong and corrected it so that the final result is musical. What we have then is a book of reminiscences of quality and point, not its author's final word on the aesthetics of either Wagner or the gramophone, certainly not the only book we need from those new musical potentials, the gramophone masters—but a good start.

AVON SWANSONGS

PETER J. SENG: *The Vocal Songs in the Plays of Shakespeare: A Critical History*. 314pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 12s.

Professor Seng deals with the "vocal songs" in the plays. This strange term is the author's way of indicating that he has included only those lyrics to be sung, but not those which are merely recited, though they may be called songs by other editors. All in all, seventy songs are dealt with, play by play; the plays themselves arranged in chronological order from the early comedies to the *Tempest*. This is a most useful volume, an encyclopedia, as it were, which indicates meticulously and succinctly all the information available on these songs: their typographical appearance in the original sources (folio or quarto), the comments of earlier editors and other scholars, and whether reprints of the music are available. There are also glosses on difficult words and phrases and a concluding section on the dramatic function of the lyrics within the plays. The literary text of the songs is reprinted in old spelling, but the music is not reprinted.

The merits of this work are considerable. The book is based on a Harvard dissertation, and, commissioned by the Harvard Press, and displays the American virtues one expects from a distinguished, high-order scholar. It is both serviceable and agreeable. Bibliography and indexes are well done. The material is presented with care and includes references to a wide range of published and unpublished works. The author's judgment is sound and his taste is refined. The book is a valuable addition to the literature of Shakespearean studies. It is published by the Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., and is available in paperback from the Oxford University Press, London.

objective, impersonal tone of a work of reference have their consequences. Most readers and students would prefer to have the music reprinted whenever a suitable ballad or art-song from Elizabethan or Jacobean times has survived. The references to various editions published (sometimes out of print) are most helpful but no substitute for the stuff itself. Moreover, in enumerating these editions Professor Seng usually fails to tell us which edition is the best. In doing so he has avoided many a bird's nest but also left room for another volume yet to be written.

DAME NELLIE

JOHN HEATHERINGTON: *Melba*. 312pp. Faber and Faber. £2 10s.

Surely not another book about Melba? There have been autobiographical memoirs and biographical memoirs, a novel and, only five years ago, a rehash of the stories about her to form a sort of period picture. The present biography is fuller and more formal, and it has a justification for its larger scale: it is that it is written from an Australian angle and from that angle the singer played a part in making Australia self-consciously a nation. But it is too long and repetitive, especially on Melba's character, and not quite specific enough for the music. It is well written, without quite avoiding sentimental hindsight (the little did she know formula), the names and descriptions of other musicians are invariably correct.

On the disputed question of her birth Mr. Heatherington agrees with Mr. Joseph Websters, the author of *Red Flare and Black Velvet*, that the date was 1861, not 1859, but sadly, unless he discarded the story, he makes no mention of Melba's encounter with Verdi in 1893. On the other hand he repeats a story about the critic who would accept a horse-whipping in return for a picture of the show, taken from a picture-book about the Thames by Robert Gibbings, who framed his picture with wood-cuts with any light touch he encountered in "riverside" pictures. There is really nothing new to be said of Melba: she was a voice of unique crystalline quality, she was a good singer, a conscientious professional craftsman, an admirable character, partly redeemed by impulsive generosity and, certainly, a forceful human being. The compiler of the above catalogue heard two of her farewell *Lugones* concerts, but his recollection, alas, is of the unpleasant public persona more than of the voice. Perhaps there is one more thing to be said and Melba sponsored tours of opera to her native land and so did pioneer work for which her fellow countrymen are right to be grateful.

Fiction

MUCH IN LITTLE?

London Magazine Stories. 231pp. 12s. 6d. Two Stories: ANDREAS EMBIRICOS: "Argo, or the Voyage of a Balloon". LUIS BERNADO HOWANA: "We Killed Mangy-Dog". 105pp. 8s. 6d. London Magazine Editions. Alan Ross.

Eleven short stories from the *London Magazine* are supplemented by three brief essays (too many, perhaps) on the short-story form by C. S. Pritchett, William Sansom and Francis King. They are agreed on the difficulties of getting stories published, decently paid for and reviewed: they are also inclined to view a comparison with poems, using terms like "poetic evocation of mood". V. S. Pritchett says that the short story is "perfectly fitted to the glancing, allusive, nervously tentative and summary moods of contemporary life: much in little...". William Sansom says: "It should spread beyond its economy: short, it should be enormous... giving a moving impression that it is larger than it is—which in fact, in theme, it is." Not all these stories stand up to the requirements. Certainly, most of them are trying to suggest that their theme is "not just a happening in life but a major part of life itself" (as Mr. Sansom puts it), but the air of great significance is not always justified.

There is a danger of being narrow. "Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room"; but nuns and convents may have plenty to think about, whole societies even. Many of these stories concentrate on simple examples of an individual's isolation from society—without firmly placing the society from which he is excluded. Mr. Pritchett suggests that American society, being more static than our own, encourages the short-story form, and that as Britain goes "in the direction of the highway civilization" we too, perhaps, will come "to value intensely the singularity of voice". In this collection we may find rather commonplace singularities. There is isolation within the family—hostility between strong father and weak son, or a young mother unhappily abroad without her husband; three stories about school—the frustration of teacher or pupil; two about the family partner in a mixed marriage, one set in Nigeria, the other in India.

All these seven are able, nifty, interesting, but few seem finished. They are rarely intense enough to concentrate the attention on such familiar feelings. Often we feel we should be told more. John Gieger's story of a half-Yoruba woman with an ill husband is like the start of a good, informative novel: a whole society has been created, but then left in the air. The other mixed-marriage tale, by R. Prawer Mubvula, is more skillful in its omissions and more complete. Frank Tuohy's "poetic evocation" of a schoolboy's feelings for a lower-class girl is a finished piece of work; but such moods are over-familiar. There is

a striking story by Robert Rushmore, preventing much less usual moods in the context of a tennis game between father and son: it is like a compact novel. Robert Rushmore's stories sometimes resemble those of Angus Wilson, though he is quite original.

Four other stories in the book differ from these mood-pictures. William Trevor's anecdote about mysterious telephone calls, apparently from the recipient's subconscious, is chiefly remarkable for its close resemblance to the work of Muriel Spark. A. E. Ellis offers an uncommonly personal story about two worldly lovers in an elusive setting, manifested principally in their tirelessly playful dialogue. There is a racy, vernacular yarn by Hugo Charteris, with an Alfie-like travelling salesman relating, half-jauntily, his saddest amorous adventure. But the best in the book is Nadine Gordimer's "A Third Presence" which contrives to place two Jewish sisters within their society, over several years, in a credible, sensitive and surprising tale which does, in deed, seem "larger" than the form could be expected to convey. It may be that the hateful rigidity of South Africa's class structure is as helpful to a short-story writer as is the "anarchy" which V. S. Pritchett attributes to America.

The other *London Magazine* volume contains two stories in translation, one from Greece, the other from Mozambique. They are quite long and therefore difficult to publish; but, unlike some of the short stories in the companion volume, both seem of precisely the right length. Andreas Embiricos is a sixty-six-year-old writer with a French surrealist background. The story is a fantasy about a balloon trip in Latin America in 1906, a dream-like account of the baroque fantasies which pass through the mind and which romantics may turn into action. The author must surely have intended the *fin-de-siècle* flavour which informs the somewhat dandified translation (by Nikos Stangos and David Plante) of this spirited tale with its vision of Pan and its dead young lovers, "the forever and ever young and inseparable", punctuated occasionally by those hard vernacular words, which shamelessly accept the truth of sexuality. "We Killed Mangy-Dog" is a very different story, a touching anecdote of childhood which manages to communicate a great deal about the political and social conditions of Mozambique as well as the important matter of particular children's unhappiness. It is a serious and tender story, with bold mannerisms and it is firmly translated from the Portuguese by Dorothy Guedes.

COMMANDO STYLE

ROBERT HENRIQUES: *The Commander*. 318pp. Secker and Warburg. 30s.

The Commander is an honest and absorbing piece of self-analysis, making direct use, as the author says in his preface, of his personal experience, but adapting it to a sub-plot and some invented characters. The late Robert Henriques, a regular soldier at the outbreak of war in 1919 and already in his middle thirties, pleaded successfully to be sent to the front in spite of a War Office commandant's blunt suggestion, "You're too old by ten years at least". The novel describes in detail the choosing of his subordinate officers, the building-up of his troops making up his command, the unrelenting paramilitary discipline which often proved in practice so difficult to sustain, the setbacks as the long-promised military revolution in Europe drew near, the terrifying sense of letdown when the assault was cancelled

with the boats actually on their way and in mid-Channel, the semi-mutinous reactions of the troops once back on home territory, and the return to unit of Lamego—Henriques's name for himself—after it had become apparent that he lacked that intuitive and outstanding flair for leadership which the successful control of a striking force of commando-individualists required. The narrative is at times oppressively *preux-chevaleresque* in tone, but this can readily be forgiven. Who after all could have stronger title to the role of *preux-chevalier* than a commando-leader of thirty-four, carrying on top of the enormous burden of his self-inflicted task the responsibilities which, in such a situation, must drag at a loving husband and father? The strange atmosphere of those days—that blend of screwed-up tension and other-worldliness—is wonderfully evoked, and the prickly, elusive problems besetting a sensitive man charged in such circumstances with the leadership of a corps d'élite are vividly evoked.

FIFTIES' FIGURES

DAVID PRYCE-JONES: *The Stranger's View*. 222pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.

The most obvious characteristic of David Pryce-Jones's dispirited fiction is the sense of alienation. The title of his latest novel (taken from Byron) is apt, though it does not seem intended to suggest as much as it does. *The Stranger's View* concentrates on the mood of the morose young narrator in what might be called the John Osborne period. He has four friends actively involved in the most newsworthy political events of the 1950s—in particular the Hungarian uprising—but he cannot himself become wholeheartedly involved. We see this narrator in public-school and country-house environments, in France, Austria and Athens, at a Conservative public meeting and under training as an army officer. The various environments are seen with a blurred familiarity. He is not a "stranger" in the manner of an interested foreigner, but more like a bored resident, unable to see anything of significance in his surroundings. Unfortunately, readers are likely to share the narrator's dissatisfaction and to lose interest in his listless observations.

Two of his friends are his school-fellow Nicholas and a Frenchman called Robert, a Marxist opponent of the Soviet Union. Both are involved

with the Hungarian struggle, as representatives of "the International Student Organization for Freedom". Nicholas is more of a dilettante than Robert. He drives round Hungary in an ambulance, trying to persuade hospitals to accept medical supplies. He disappears, is presumed dead and leaves some kind of legend behind him. What was he doing there? "One owes it to oneself. It would only be right if the cause gave me something in return. I propose to come back from Budapest with a reputation." The narrator does not condemn the frankly self-seeking elements in Nicholas's motivation; in fact, he suggests that the Marxist's principles are equally flawed.

This could have been an interesting comparison, but it is not worked out strongly enough. The section has the nervous portentousness of certain newspaper editorials, striving for significance, unwilling to admit perplexities except in the most general terms or even to state basic principles—as if through fear of seeming naive. The part dealing with his other friends, Charles and Reg, is more lively and more of a caricature. Charles is upper-class, serves as an officer in Cyprus and at Suez, breaks with the discipline and values which he had passionately admired—and

becomes a manual worker. Meanwhile his school-fellow, Reg, son of an ardent trade unionist, has become a worldly success and a Conservative candidate. The turnabout is too neat, too slick, out of place in the blurred narrative line of this far from shapely novel. But Reg has been observed with real interest, recalling the author's earlier novel, *The Sands of Summer*—suggesting that the alien environment most stimulating to "the stranger's view" is that English social layer placed between the normality of working-class life and the conventional public-school world.

Reg says of Charles: "Upper-class guilt is the most absurd thing in the world. Guilt is the lower classes' secret weapon." Charles says of Nicholas: "What he wanted at heart—and so did we all—was to make up for a war which we did not fight." These statements, the most explicit generalizations in the dialogue, emphasize the book's relationship with the post-1918 years, with Orwell and Isherwood. The thoughts are not new; but they could have been discussed or acted out in a lively way. This novel leaves us no wiser than John Osborne does, and it lacks the compensations of Osborne's rhetoric and sense of drama.

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English Literature

PLATONIC SPENSER

ENID WELSFORD: *Spenser: Four Hymns and Epithalamion*. 215pp. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. £2 5s.

Miss Welsford's book is a puzzling compilation. It is rather more than an annotated edition of the poems, yet considerably less than what it claims in the sub-title: "A Study of Edmund Spenser's Doctrine of Love". It brings together the *Four Hymns*, which originally appeared with a new edition of *Daphniaid*, in 1596, and *Epithalamion*, which was originally published with *Amoretti* in 1595. Miss Welsford acknowledges that there is little "obvious similarity of theme", but claims that "this very discrepancy of outlook... suggested their inclusion in one volume". Yet what is the discrepancy of theme? It is only that in some of the poems Spenser celebrates human and carnal love and in others he renounces it in favour of heavenly love. Miss Welsford herself at one point disclaims the notion that the poems are in any profound sense autobiographical, and points to the significance of the "fictitious speaker" in "not a versified treatise but a dramatic poem". At times though she seems weighed down by the idea of a problem here, while denying herself any but passing reference to other works of Spenser which explore and expose a similar dual view, which is itself a poetic commonplace. Although she does make some reference to both *Amoretti* and *The Faerie Queene*, it would be fair to say that her study is really only of the *Hymns* and *Epithalamion*, and not a general "study of Spenser's doctrine of love". It is in fact a brief study of Platonic and neo-Platonic doctrines with the text of the poems and a commentary on their indebtedness to Plato and the neo-Platonists. It is a useful study, clear and care-

ful. She convincingly questions over-emphasis on Bruno's influence on the *Hymns*; she brings together Plato, Plotinus, Dante, Petrarch, Ficino, Pico, Bembo, Castiglione, Ebreo and Bruno in a satisfying survey; and she adds a suggestive section on the relationship between neo-Platonism and Protestantism, and finds valuable material in the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Policy*. Indeed it is Hooker who helps her to a convincing identification of Sapience, in the fourth Hymn, as a personification of the First Eternal Law of God, pace Professor Ellrod. Her book is, of course, on a much smaller scale and covers very much less ground than the latter's *Neoplatonism in the Poetry of Spenser*, and it is odd that she neither takes into account his claim about the slight influence of Neo-Platonism, in the strict sense, on Spenser, nor attempts to refute it. And one remembers that W. L. Renwick, forty years ago, wrote in his excellent book on Spenser of the "fashion" of Platonism, and that "the difficulty—and the interest—arises from his [Spenser's] equal acceptance of all available authorities: it should not be increased by over-simplification, by trying to confine Spenser to a school". But the Platonists and neo-Platonists are re-urgent in the ranks of critics and commentators again, and Miss Welsford is not prepared to risk aligning herself with Renwick and Professor Ellrod and C. S. Lewis, although that is where her heart might well be. When she rather boldly takes issue with Professor Heat on the numerological pattern of *Epithalamion* one is conscious of the lover of poetry standing up against the scholarly exegete in her.

ENERGIA AND INERTIA

NEIL L. RUDENSTINE: *Sidney's Poetic Development*. 313pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 16s.

Since Professor William A. Ringer's magnificently comprehensive edition of Sidney's poems in 1962, critical studies of Sidney have proliferated, especially in America. And though we still await Jean Robertson's edition of the *Arcadia*, the best of these studies have considered the *Arcadia* poems in their proper context in the romance. It may be from Richard Lantham's lively study of the *Old Arcadia* (Yale, 1965), though it is nowhere acknowledged, that Mr. Rudenstine has learnt to apprehend the complex ironies and ambivalences of Sidney's narrative voice; and from David Kalstone's book on the poems (Harvard, 1965), to which he acknowledges a heavy debt, he has accepted the importance of formal and thematic parallels to Sidney's poetry in Petrarch and Sanzaro. This book is not a source study, however, or we might complain of the usual neglect of more immediate influences on Sidney, such as Desportes, Ronsard and Montemayor. But neither is it, as the title might suggest, a poetic biography. On stylistic grounds Mr. Rudenstine dates Sidney's translation of the *Palms* early (before *Astrophil and Stella*), so that even the progress from secular to sacred verse disappears. He is as much concerned to show the consistent appearance of certain themes in Sidney's poetry as to demonstrate his growth as a poet. The latter is seen as a single jump from a first style, regular and accomplished but limited in the tones it could render, to a second, more flexible and comprehensive, displayed only in *Astrophil and Stella* (referred to throughout as *Astrophil* and *Stella*: presumably Mr. Rudenstine rejects Professor Ringer's correction). The real advance over earlier studies in this book is that a much fuller view is taken of Sidney's work, comprehending not only *The Lady of May* and *Certain Sonnets*, but Sidney's own ideas as shown in his correspondence with Langue.

This provides the chief theme which Mr. Rudenstine observes in all the poetry, which is that of the debate between age and youth, or more

specifically, that of the sober commendation of a life of action to a more volatile character who is inclined to the pleasures of retirement and self-indulgence. In every case this is related to Langue's admonishments to Sidney against both the follies of the court and the inertia of rural contemplation. It is surely right to extend this connexion beyond the one poem (OA 66, "As I my little flock on *lucerne* banks") which is explicitly about what Sidney learnt from Langue. But the parallel is pressed a little hard. Whenever one character gives restraining advice to another, as Musidorus does to Pyrocles in the opening of the *Arcadia*, the protean figure of Langue is seen behind that of the counsellor. And the comparison forces Mr. Rudenstine to place Sidney and Langue too squarely in opposition. Musidorus's argument that the sole purpose of acquiring knowledge is to put it in practice is one used by Sidney himself, though on both sides of the action/contemplation debate. In a letter to Langue of March, 1578, quoted by Rudenstine, he half playfully demonstrates that if circumstances make action impossible, such knowledge is useless, and the only defensible science is self-knowledge. But the *Defence of Poetry* is of course firmly based on the assumption that the highest forms of secular knowledge are those which lead to virtuous action. Sidney may have accepted this doctrine initially from Langue, but it became his own very early on. Mr. Rudenstine also simplifies the opposition between Sidney and Langue when he suggests that all the humour in the correspondence is Sidney's. Certainly Sidney's humour is *subtler*; but probably the most prolonged comic passage in the letters is Langue's account of falling asleep over Humfrey Lhuid's *History of Wales*, which fell into the candle flame and was burnt. His whimsical invitation to Sidney and his Welsh servant Madox to compose exequies for the incinerated Welshman is no doubt laboured and self-conscious,

but it is clearly an attempt by Langue to lighten the tone of the correspondence, perhaps as a desperate expedient to get Sidney to reply more often. And it is Langue who complains that Sidney's expression in the Veronese portrait is too grave.

Though the themes in Sidney's poetry are seen as constant, the developments in his technique, especially in mastery of the devices which produce "energia", here carefully defined, are exhaustively explored. Individual passages are, indeed, so closely analysed that one begins to question the ultimate value of such searchlight/microscope modes of interpretation. The same quotations are pressed into service again and again, with different details of metre, alliteration and rhyme noted at each appearance. By the time we come to the fourth or fifth appearance of a quotation it becomes difficult to respond to it with much alertness, let alone pleasure. For instance, Mr. Rudenstine interestingly shows that the *Certain Sonnets* form a miniature sequence of some coherence (treating the translation from Montemayor, CS 28, "What changes here, ô haine" as of a piece with the original lyrics). But when he comes to show the various stylistic advances from it to *Astrophil and Stella* by means of strings of one and two-line quotations from each, many of which have appeared already in earlier contexts, we begin almost to weary of both sequences. Although all the rhetorical subtleties which Mr. Rudenstine observes are undoubtedly there (Sidney will yield up results almost indefinitely to such examination) one wonders how many readers, after having their attention drawn to them, will be sent back to a fresh reading of the poems analysed. This is a learned and intelligent book, which broadens and deepens the context in which Sidney's poetry is seen. One can only hope that the greater knowledge it provides will, on Langue's and Sidney's principle, lead to the exercise of knowledge in study of the poems.

DRYDEN'S DRAMA

The Works of John Dryden. Plays. Vol. IX. Edited by John Loftis. 451pp. University of California Press. London: Cambridge University Press. £4.

In this volume, the second of nine to be devoted to the plays, Dryden emerges as a mature dramatist in three quite different kinds of drama. *The Indian Emperor* is a complex, vigorous, and at times undeniably thoughtful example of the heroic play, with Montezuma acting as a critic of European civilization and religion. In his perceptive commentary on this play Mr. Loftis draws attention to the effect that the discoveries of new lands was having on traditional beliefs and attitudes, and he also finds the influence of Montaigne on Dryden's thinking to be more pervasive than has hitherto been suspected. Dryden had clearly a good deal to say in *The Indian Emperor*, but in getting it said he inevitably involved his chief dramatic spokesman in a certain amount of inconsistency. As the hero of a heroic play Montezuma has to be worshipped about by contending passions, and to oscillate between the claims of love and honour, but he is also the sceptical and clear-sighted commentator on the moral and intellectual limitations of the European invaders.

At times the middle-aged lover, suffering under the tyranny of a youthful beauty, he is at other times the astute, and perceptive critic of irrational institutions, and the two roles are not made consistent with any show of plausibility. Since there is a tendency today to up-grade Dryden's heroic drama and to dwell hopefully on its more logically factual elements, it is well to be reminded how much nonsense Dryden invariably mixed with his good sense.

And how far the need for emotional excitement and constant reversals of fortune drove him into extravagance and absurdity. Poor Montezuma, who has all the makings of a first-rate Shavian character, is ruthlessly sacrificed to the "Dallians of the theatre".

All three plays in this volume, produced between 1665 and 1667, were contemporary hits in their different ways. In *Secret Love*, *Or The Maiden Queen*, a tragic-comedy, Dryden wrote the kind of play which was perhaps best suited to his genius, and which he never improved upon, unless it was in *Marriage à la Mode*. Here Mr. Loftis is able to make good use of Dryden's own criticism to explain why the dramatist considered that *Secret Love* was constructed by the "wisest Rules, by which a Play is wrought", and how he defended this tragic-comedy as a regular and emotionally satisfactory form. To Dryden's arguments Mr. Loftis adds the suggestion that *Secret Love* may be looked upon as a heroic play humanized by the fact that it is accompanied and in a measure paralleled by a plot taken up with the deeds of such eminently credible characters as Calidon and Florimel.

To this it may be added in turn that the humanizing process is already present in the love-sick Queen (an adumbration of Queen Christina of Sweden), and that although the adored Philotas has to be made impossibly uncomprehending for the sake of the action, the emotions involved in the serious plot are not unnatural, and the Queen's half-concealed hints to her handsome

young subject are dramatically effective. As for Calidon and Florimel (played by Hart and Nell Gwynn), they give life and gaiety to the action without altogether running away with the play, and if theirs is a different sort of love from that of the characters in the serious plot it is only a variant on the dominant theme.

In *Sir Martin Mar-All* Dryden moved on to a different kind of success—this time in farce. The play clearly owed a great deal to one of the best of all the Restoration comedians, James Nokes, but Dryden gave him good material to work upon. Here, however, Dryden has to share some of the credit with the Duke of Newcastle; and Mr. Loftis, who rightly devotes a good deal of space to considering the whole question of collaboration, is inclined to attribute a larger share to the Duke than he usually been allowed by recent critics. The humour is often of the Johnsonian variety (to say nothing of the "humours"), and there are many frequent references to a period considerably earlier than 1667. "Barren the discovery of how manuscripts," Mr. Loftis has to conclude, "but collaboration is hardly possible." In his reading of the internal evidence he does a scholarly addition to the deed, a scholarly addition to the full investigation of sources and of contemporary ideas, and his relevant and well-informed annotation should provide the student of Dryden with all that he needs for the understanding and enjoyment of those plays.

Art

IF IT MOVES, SALUTE IT

György Kepes (Editor): *The Nature and Art of Motion*. 195pp. Studio Vista. £3 3s. FRANK POPPER: *Naissance de l'art cinétique*. 246pp. Paris: Gauthier-Villars. 68fr. Victor Vasarely. *Propos liminaires de Marcel Joray. Textes et maquette de Victor Vasarely*. 194pp. Neuchâtel: Griffon. English Distributor: Zwemmer. £9 15s.

One of the more bewildering features of the present cultural scene is the way in which a term enters general usage before the artist and the critic are fully agreed upon its area of reference. The case of kinetic art is an obvious example. This term is now accepted among the select and by no means exhaustive number of categories used in the classification of post-war art. Yet its application might appear to be excessively indiscriminate if we agree with György Kepes that:

An artist who uses movement may behave like a clown or a philosopher, a schoolteacher or a research scientist... He may use time like a spectrum of colours, space like an open page, the clock in everybody's brain to give a sense of scale, materials like a scaffold or objects like a dump-

ster. The answer to this objection is, surely, that the value of kinetic art as a term of reference lies precisely in its wide degree of application. Attempts to divide the seamless robe are important and useful when it is a question of identifying the work of a particular artist or naming a particular technique: Schöffer's "Chrocydynamism" and Malin's "Lumigène" are cases in point. But there is little or no advantage in multiplying the entities by the invention of new terms such as "kineticism" and "lumism", both of which relate only to the obvious external characteristics of the work. Kinetic art involves a tenuous, but real, association of aesthetic, social and scientific concepts. To abandon the overall term is to risk losing the broad perspective.

The collection of essays on *The Nature and Art of Motion*, from which George Rieck's statement

was taken, is a laudable attempt to define some of the boundaries of this wider field. It ranges from the historical and critical attitudes of George Rieck and Katharine Kuh to the directly scientific approach of James J. Gibson's "Constancy and Invariance in Perception". More personal angles are investigated in Hans Richter's lucid account of his experiments with movement in painting and film, and in Karl Gerstner's analysis of the effects of permutation in a series of squares graded according to their degree of lightness. The collection as a whole gives some indication of the ideal which György Kepes propounds in his editorial, that of "a true universalism—a living fabric of the best knowledge of a given time".

George Rieck's contribution includes an important sketch of the "morphology of movement", and, considering that it was written in 1962, covers an unusually wide range of work. But it suffers none the less from being too selective. Mrs. Kuh's article is much more so, being confined largely to American artists. This is a real weakness in the collection, since in the last resort the birth and diffusion of kinetic art must be seen as the province of the critic and the art historian. Examination of modern theories of motion and perception provides valuable material for the analysis of our own reactions. But it will rarely provide us with any insight into the internal development of this art-form, a question which hinges not so much upon scientific fact as upon the subjective interpretations of scientific or technical processes which have become part of the artist's stock-in-trade during the past century. The ultimate justification for the term "kinetic art" as a com-

prehensive—rather than a strictly limited—category lies in the fact that its particular constellation of aesthetic, social and technical values is a product not of the present but of the well-established past of modern art. Would it not have been possible to find at the Bauhaus clowns and philosophers, school teachers and research scientists, and even a number of figures who combined several of these roles?

An essential prelude to the understanding of kinetic art must therefore be the study of the period of gestation during which this art-form was carried in embryo within the modern movement. This need is now supplied by Frank Popper's *Naissance de l'art cinétique*, a well-produced and fully documented study which traces "the image of movement in the plastic arts" from 1860 and contains by far the most extensive treatment of the contemporary field that has yet appeared. Considering as he does the interpretations of movement volunteered by such artists as Monet, Van Gogh, Rodin and Degas as well as the more obvious cases of Balla, Boccioni, Kupka and Moholy-Nagy, Dr. Popper is unwilling to narrow his sights when he reaches the present day. It is the great virtue of his book that the wide spectrum which exists at the earlier stages is reflected in the differences between—say—Vasarely, Schöffer, Agam and Tinguely in the contemporary scene, but that, at the same time, the origins of the present cohesive movement are satisfactorily traced to the intellectual and artistic ferment of 1910-30.

Dr. Popper concludes with two chapters of "Considerations analytiques et esthétiques sur le mouve-

ment". This final section serves as a justification of his approach, since it establishes a basic typology of movement in the plastic arts, within which the modern category of "Le mouvement exprimé par le mouvement même" occupies a subsidiary position. But there is no attempt to minimize the fact that a true "art of movement" has arisen, and it is significant that for every one of the aesthetic categories which are detailed in the final chapter the examples drawn from the art of the past are matched by instances from the present day. One is left with the feeling that some unified concept may still be required. Gills Dorflès, perhaps points the way in the text on the work of the Groupe Recherche d'Art Visuel entitled "L'Instabilité", where he suggests that "perceptive ambiguity—with semantic ambiguity—is undoubtedly at the base of a great many situations and creations of our time". This is a distinction that might be pursued in terms of the antithesis between pop and kinetic art—between the "anxious" and the functional object. But this is outside Dr. Popper's terms of reference, and it would be ungracious to cavil at a work which so clearly provides the basis for any future synthesis.

It goes without saying that neither the scientific elucidation of movement nor the critical appraisal of an historical development can supplant the detailed treatment of an individual artist's work. Editions du Griffon have performed a valuable service by including kinetic artists among the subjects of their superb series of monographs, "Arts plastiques du XXe siècle". Agam was the first to receive this accolade, and the most recent is Vasarely. One hopes that it

is no longer necessary to rescue this great artist from the aesthetically impoverished category of "op art". If there is any such need, this monograph will surely supply it. Since 1954 Vasarely has referred to his work as "cinétique", implying that this category covers the full range of his investigations into the use of movement. "L'Optique, fur-elle illusion, n'appartient-elle pas au cinématisme?" he asked in 1957. The five plates with transparent movable covers which form part of this volume dramatize the possibilities of spectator-induced movement which were already latent in the "œuvres profondes cinétiques" of 1954. And the clearest indication of Vasarely's concern with actual duration is to be found in the cinematic presentation of his entire works which is in course of execution.

Far from being on the margin of kinetic art, Vasarely occupies a central position through the breadth of his vision and his full realization that the kinetic work engenders "un concept humaniste et philosophique des arts plastiques qui intéresse à la fois leurs aspects esthétiques, éthiques, sociologiques et économiques". It is a direct consequence of his desire for logic and clarity that this book which he designed should appear not as a mere group of reproductions but as a living record of an evolving style, and that the remarkable quality of the printing should in some cases almost obviate that distinction between the original and the copy which he is determined to overcome. In Plate 177 (the "Unités polychromes et polyformes" of 1962) he is completely successful in this aim. Surely no more intense expression of plasticity has ever been captured within the covers of a book?

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The Far East

RULE BY BUREAUCRACY

FRED W. RIGGS: *Thailand: The Modernization of a Bureaucratic Polity.* 470pp. Honolulu: East-West Center Press. \$10.

Thailand passed through the period of Franco-British domination of mainland South-east Asia without having to submit to direct colonial rule. Why did the Siamese monarchy manage to retain its independence where the Burmese and Vietnamese monarchies failed to withstand the advancing pressures of British and French imperialism? In part, of course, the answer to this intriguing question lies in the accident of Thailand's geographical position between the French and British colonial bases. Franco-British strategy certainly seemed to require that Thailand should serve as a buffer between colonial spheres; and but for this consideration it is likely that Thailand would have been partitioned between the two imperial powers pressing on her land frontiers. In the long run, however, this geographical advantage would probably have been of little value had it not been for the ability of the Siamese monarchy to devise a governmental structure capable of fulfilling the requirements of the buffer role in which Thailand had been cast by British and French statesmen. How the Siamese did this is the subject of the first part of Fred W. Riggs's brilliant study, *Thailand: The Modernization of a Bureaucratic Polity*. The remainder of the book shows how the Siamese political achievement has worked out in modern times.

In 1855 the Siamese King Mongkut (Rama IV) agreed to a commercial treaty with the British Plenipotentiary Sir John Bowring in which freedom of trade was permitted in Thailand subject only to the imposition of a 3 per cent ad valorem duty. At this moment in time King Mongkut had at his disposal no customs administration, no system of budgets, no revenue administration in the western sense and no corpus of commercial, civil and criminal law capable of meeting the requirements of the new economic circumstances implied in the 1855 treaty. The Siamese monarchy was a traditional oriental

regime based, in essence, upon astrological and cosmological concepts derived from Brahmanical Hindu practice. Such a monarchy, as indeed the Burmese example was to demonstrate clearly enough, was quite unable to cope with the challenge of the international contacts in the heyday of imperialism. To survive it had to change, to create those basic organs of government which alone could satisfy the demands of the foreigner. To this task King Mongkut and his son and successor King Chulalongkorn turned themselves in subtle but none the less highly effective ways. The culmination of this initial phase of modernization came in 1892 with the creation of Siamese bureaucratic departments based on European models and, in many cases, headed by Europeans hired on contract.

From the acorns sown by King Mongkut and King Chulalongkorn grew the oak tree of the modern Thai governmental machine which, in 1932, provided the personnel of the "Revolution" which overthrew the absolute monarchy. The promoters of the 1932 coup can be divided, so Mr. Riggs shows, into two groups, the senior and the junior. The senior group consisted of officials who had attained high rank under the absolute monarchy, and many of whom had been educated abroad in Germany. The junior group consisted, in the main, of young men in their early thirties who had known each other when studying in Paris and who, in 1932, occupied bureaucratic positions of the middle rank. The senior group in a few years left the active political stage. Until the fall of Phibun in 1957 the junior group dominated Siamese politics. But what are Siamese politics? Here Fred Riggs is at his most penetratingly brilliant.

The 1932 "Revolution" was given some public expression in terms of western democratic ideology. There was talk of turning Thailand into a republic. Representative institutions were devised. Democracy, even in the most embryonic form, however, failed to take root. With the excep-

tion of a few short periods Thailand has been since 1932 a country where there have been no political parties at all. Parliament has met under successive constitutions; but its power has been of but the slightest significance. The centre of authority, exercised beneath the ceremonial umbrella of the Siamese monarchy, lay with the senior officials who composed the thirty or so cabinets of the period from 1932 to the present. Involved have been rather fewer than 250 men, whom Mr. Riggs names; and the political process has operated within this group by means of cliques and *comps*. Policy has been decided by intrigue and counter-intrigue. The rewards of office have come not from official salaries but from what in the West would be called, perhaps, "corruption", based on a system of milking the Chinese merchant community in Bangkok. At first sight all this would seem to be rather reprehensible. The great merit of Mr. Riggs's study is that he makes no moral judgments, contenting himself with an exposition of how the system works.

What Mr. Riggs finds in Thailand is a "Bureaucratic Polity", a polity of enormous fascination for the political scientist and quite different from either the democratic or the authoritarian regimes that we know in Europe. There are no parties; so Thailand cannot be described as a one party dictatorship. There is, in a real sense, no electorate; so the Thai government cannot be said to rule on the basis of a popular mandate. All there is is an elaborate bureaucracy, the direct descendant of the machine created by King Mongkut and King Chulalongkorn, which still relies upon the monarchy for its theoretical legitimacy, but which since 1932 has managed completely to escape from effective royal control.

There are many objections, on grounds of theory, morality and practical efficiency, to the "Bureaucratic Polity". The point, however, is

that it works. Compared to many other countries in the region, Thailand is really rather well governed. Sarit, when he died recently, may have left a fortune of staggering size; but the fact remains that the bulk of the Thai population are better off than many other Asian peoples, so why begrudge Sarit his reward? The "Bureaucratic Polity", based on compromises between cliques, is essentially flexible and able to bend itself to meet the winds of fortune.

A careful reading of Mr. Riggs's study leaves one with two questions in the back of one's mind. First: can the Americans, with whom Thailand has now thrown in her lot, possibly reconcile the aberrations of the "Bureaucratic Polity" with their own passion for organizational efficiency; and, if they cannot, will their reforming pressures upset the careful balances upon which the structure of successive Thai cabinets stand? If, under such pressures, the "Bureaucratic Polity" collapses, what will take its place? There are no alternative institutions of indigenous Thai origin. Will communism flourish in default of any other power system? Second: the whole edifice of the "Bureaucratic Polity", Mr. Riggs argues, depends upon one single economic fact—Thailand exports rice. The Thai population, however, is now growing faster than Thai rice production. What will happen when this source of foreign exchange dries up and there emerges a crying demand for more effective and speedily implemented economic policies? The "Bureaucratic Polity", because of its very nature, cannot plan. If planning is called for, who can meet the challenge? Again, there is implicit the communist solution. But perhaps these are unduly gloomy thoughts; and it may be that the Siamese "Bureaucratic Polity" is within it more powers of adaptation than even the penetrating analysis of Mr. Riggs can detect.

RULE BY VIRTUE

J. K. FAIRBANK: *China: The People's Middle Kingdom and the U.S.A.* 145pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. \$6. Approaches to Modern Chinese History. Edited by Albert Feuerwerker, Rhoads Murphy and Mary C. Wright. 356pp. University of California Press. London: Cambridge University Press. £5.

It was President Kennedy's coming to power that unleashed American rethinking about its China policy. As a result specialists on modern China of the unquestioned quality as well as the appropriate Harvard brand—found themselves called into the market place to explain the China puzzle to readers of *Life*, *American Monthly*, *Foreign Affairs*, *New Republic* and the like. Most of the essays collected here lucidly expound the problems that confront the United States if it is to contrive a dialogue with China.

The lessons to be learnt are, of course, the lessons of history: in China as elsewhere the present is a product of the past. Indeed, a world slow to realize how much Mao Tse-tung is a product of modern Chinese history needs to be reminded that a people who have lived for so long in the same place and have so long an historical tradition are more likely than most to be governed by their sense of their own history.

For all that Mr. Fairbank finds it remarkable that the central myth of the Chinese state—the political fiction of rule by virtue—should have survived for so long, though he qualifies this by observing that the growth of Chinese nationalism in the nineteenth century was at least partly inhibited by Manchu rulers whose overriding concern was to defend the Confucian culturalism in which the myth of rule by virtue was embedded. Today it is the myth of political virtue that envelops the little red book of Mao's thoughts. In many ways Mao himself, the most scintillating goldfish in the Chinese bowl, is the best example of the contradictions he is, as a philosopher, ready to expound. As Mr. Fairbank points out, Mao is ready to heap much

of China's past on the cleansing pyre of the cultural revolution yet he can only call upon traditional methods to do it.

Two essays on Taiwan show Mr. Fairbank an anxious defender of America's ally. He is not, of course, devoted to Chiang Kai-shek. But the moral and political issues seem—in the first of these essays, a lecture delivered in 1960—enough to justify the Seventh Fleet's presence in the straits. The arguments of self-determination, of holding a defensive boundary to protect Japan from communism, of not abandoning the Chinese of Taiwan to reprisals or to lower living standards—these are enough to underpin the American position. In an essay dating from last year, however, the case for Taiwan is somewhat shifted to American needs for access to a non-communist Chinese area where intelligence work, military programmes, language training and academic research can all be carried on. Is it the last of these needs that lies closest to Mr. Fairbank's heart, the need for a grazing ground for American sinologists, a Harvard meadow to be defended from the vandals?

Certainly no one has written so convincingly and from such direct experience as Mr. Fairbank in arguing that China is the one civilization still largely outside western comprehension from which the West may have to learn. What in effect the British were demanding in the Anglo-Chinese war of 1840 was that China should join the international order according to western rules; 125 years later the same question is at issue and by a different name.

research centre. One is reminded of this in *Approaches to Modern Chinese History*, a volume of essays by his ex-pupils in celebration of Mr. Fairbank's sixtieth birthday. It is not enough to study China isolated from the East Asian culture zone of which China was the classical source. Thus Mr. Marius Jansen traces Japan's views of China during the Meiji period and shows how fluid they were. The outright anti-Confucianist modernizer Yukichi Fukuzawa wanted Japan to establish a non-Asian identity so that it could treat its neighbour China as the western powers did.

It was the necessity of this attitude in 1945 that has given a new but still unstable foundation to Japanese attitudes. Whatever shifts may yet come it seems unlikely that Japan can ever turn her back on China. A modern Japanese reference work quoted by Mr. Jansen illustrates the use of the word foreigner with the sentence: "That man's not a foreigner, he's Chinese." Indeed the foreigners who disturbed the East Asian world were the westerners; and it is still this dichotomy that remains unresolved in this major historical encounter.

With some claims to being an academic—he had written his outline history of the Far East—he tells us, had done a history of Vietnam from the French occupation to 1939 as his doctoral dissertation (mercifully unpublished) and had taught at the Illinois State University—Mr. Bain became an officer of the United States Information Agency. Assigned to "research duties" in Vietnam, and aware of the paucity of historical material on Vietnam in English, he set out to write a history of Vietnam as his personal contribution to a better understanding of the Vietnamese people and their tragic conflict.

Mr. Bain is right in thinking that an objective general survey of Vietnamese history is required, in which the historical sources of the present problem—which was not created out of nothing in 1941, 1946, 1954 or even 1963—are traced and their relevance to the events of today is explained. Unfortunately he does not do this himself. Instead, after a somewhat middlebrow disquisition on the modern problem he plods through centuries of legend and dynastic successions, at too great a length for the compass he has set himself, without ever making clear the historical frame. He is more at ease when he comes to the French occupation, but his account of events after 1939 seems carelessly compiled, and after 1954, when the United States replaced France as the main interested foreign power in Indo-China, it bears too clearly the stamp of the apologist.

The chief complaint against the book is, however, that it is dull. This is a pity. There is an American quality to the Vietnam story, with a trouble it could be made interesting.

VIETNAMESE HISTORY

CHESTER BAIN: *Vietnam: Roots of Conflict.* 184pp. Prentice-Hall International. 16s.

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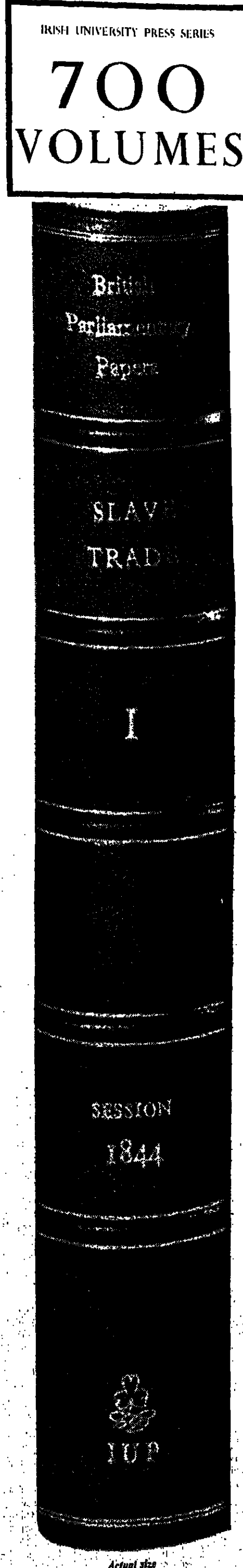
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Biography

COUNTRY STYLE

WYNFORD VAUGHAN-THOMAS: *Mudly in All Directions*. 254pp. Longmans. 36s.

BERTA RUCK: *A Trickle of Welsh Blood*. 224pp. Hutchinson. 30s.

IAN NIALI: *A Galloway Childhood*. Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe. 182pp. Heinemann. 30s.

English visitors to rural Wales are sometimes surprised to find copies of George Borrow in the bookshops and still more to meet Welshmen who are proud to claim that their grandfather had met the philologist novelist on his travels. It is partly because Borrow was one of the first Englishmen to take a serious interest in the Welsh people, but it is also because he describes a country that is still, in many spots, quite recognizable.

Wynford Vaughan-Thomas's journey, sponsored by the B.B.C., passes similarly through many of those parts which have changed least in the past 100 years. To begin with, it was made on horseback. Now Mr. Vaughan-Thomas had not ridden before, and his introduction to the horse brought vicissitudes and enough saddle-and-sugarlump talk to make his book a first choice Christmas present for all pony-riders. But what is more important is that the horse enabled him to travel by bridle-paths inaccessible to the car and not much known to the hiker. From St. David's in Pembrokeshire he moved through the Preseli Hills and over the "Desert of Wales" on the Radnor-Brocknock border, north to the Berwyns and the Dee Estuary. Only at Llanrhadrud did he cross a regular tourist road, and even there he ignored the famous cascade, though he confesses that he would have liked to have seen it in the days of Sir Watkins Williams Wynne who "used to dam the water upstream and then let it go with a fearful wallop to please distinguished visitors".

Mr. Vaughan-Thomas, as might be expected from so experienced a commentator, is lively and observant, and in his long rides over the more solitary places he let his thoughts travel back over his life to give a kind of non-chronological autobiography. This method is often successful. At Rhydown, for instance, in the chapel of Dylan Thomas's bardic great-uncle, he recalls his days with the younger poet at Swansea Grammar School, where Mr. Thomas, Senior, glowered "down on me like a black bat in his M.A. gown". But when Strumble Head, where the French landed in 1797, leads the author to a long account of the Allied landing in France in 1944, or a reference to George Borrow brings out an interview with the late Donald McGill, the comic postcard artist, the reader may become rather impatient at what seem to be unnecessary delays. These interruptions apart, the book takes one on an exhilarating and most agreeably-companioned tour of some of the least-visited parts of southern Britain.

Mrs. Berta Ruck's autobiography is even less chronological—a chapter which begins with her eighty-eighth birthday is followed by another about her schooldays seventy years earlier. Indeed, her memory goes back even farther, to an Anglesey holiday in the year of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee and to many childhood visits to her grandmother in Merioneth. There is a certain amount of guide book writing, which seems to have got in almost by accident, and some reminiscences of famous Welshmen of the past fifty years—Augustus John, Canadoc Evans, Emyrn Williams. But by far the most engaging character in the book is the author herself—an old lady, looking back over a long life, yet so alert that she admires both the poetic Thomases, R. S. as well as Dylan, and lists Ed McBain and Ian Fleming among her favourite authors.

Ian Niall, too, lives in Wales, though he was brought up in the Machers of Wigtownshire, one of the parts of Scotland least known to the English tourist, which consists, mostly, of unspectacular tableland with the Isle of Man to the south and the hills of Galloway to the west, north and east. As a boy Mr. Niall had no eye for scenery and he does not so much as mention St. Ninian or the Isle of Whithorn. Yet there is nothing small about the world he draws:

The fields were greener, the trees were taller, the spots on the trout I caught were the most brilliant red you could ever imagine, and the curlew's cry would have broken your heart and you will never hear its like, now or ever. You must take my word for that.

And, indeed, the reader does take his word. For, in spite of its frank nostalgia, this is a splendidly factual account of a boy's life in a lowland Scottish farm in the early years of this century. Most of the book is given to the animals and objects which surrounded the boy every day. But there are also seasonal and less frequent pleasures: harvesting, with hired men brought over from Ulster, fairs at Wigtown or Newton Stewart, picnics on the lovely coast of Luce Bay, and even the Sunday preaching. Above all, there is the sense of the interlocking strength of family loyalty, shown in a fine portrait gallery of grandfather, grandmother, uncles and aunts; the boy's parents, who lived in Glasgow, scarcely come into the book.

All this is told in a sober, plain style, which is yet capable of vivid description. Perhaps, in his years in Wales, the author has forgotten the Scots speech of his family—surely no boy, in the land of Burns, would call *Campanula rotundifolia*, the harebell! Nevertheless, though the sound of Lallans may be lacking, this is a delightful and thoroughly convincing picture of a life as wholesome and profitable as a prize Belted Galloway.

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GOING IT ALONE

CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH: *Amy Johnson*. 384pp. Collins. £1 5s.

The Yorkshire girl who made it solo to Australia represents a phase of pioneer aviation that was passing before her own brief life was over. Amy Johnson had found it hard to get a backing for her flight in 1930 because few believed she could achieve it; three years later it was hard to devise a spectacle for the sated public. Records were made and challenged and broken as casually as a modern plane breaks the sound barrier. Women pilots had increased in numbers and efficiency, no longer arousing wonder, scepticism or mistrust. For Amy herself the single objective now behind her was replaced by a list of possible programmes, none of them offering the excitement and reward she had once known. As in any other profession one had to make a living, and the months of glamour had revolutionized her budget.

It is partly, but not solely, this condition that gives her life an overall tinge of sadness. It began in those quiet pre-aviation years untouched by press publicity, and mapped only sketchily until now. Miss Babington Smith has undertaken her complete biography with the cooperation of the Johnson family who placed letters and papers at her disposal. Besides their personal memories she has gathered in those of a host of friends and professional acquaintances. In addition, her own distinguished career in aviation has been technically helpful. Above all, insight and understanding of the woman behind the headlines serve to create a living portrait of what might, in clumsier hands, have been a mere network of incidents.

Among personal papers the most important single item is a bundle of Amy's early letters whose recipient, not surprisingly, prefers to keep his identity concealed. They tell different stories—of high hopes, betrayal and bitter despair; and they give the clue to her entire flying career as having been a glorious second best. This "miscellaneous" pench-of-argyll had two conflicting facets in her make-up. One part of her orated enterprise and adventure; another side longed for nothing so much as a

calm domestic life with a loved partner. The daughter of a prosperous Hull businessman (the family of Danish extraction, was in the import and export fish trade), Amy had barely begun her course at Sheffield University when a love affair with a glamorous young Swiss absorbed her interests. When the two could not meet they corresponded. Amy was always the more forward, ready to sacrifice all thought of a career for the marriage he showed increasing signs of evading. Meanwhile she tried secretarial and advertising jobs, with no sense of a calling. "If you were not the ruling force in my life," she wrote to Franz, "then perhaps I might have the power to stick at a thing until I succeeded." For him, no doubt, they had been lovers too early; there were other girls.

The blow fell when Amy was working in London for a firm of solicitors. Franz turned up from the north and told her he had married his new sweetheart. Luckily for her equilibrium, the adventurous instinct had been surfacing: early in 1928 she had joined the London Aeroplane Club. At her own expense she began lessons that autumn, and enthusiasm grew. Throughout her flying years she was to be awkward over landings, but hard work and determination advanced her even to joining the reluctant ground mechanics to master the techniques of engineering. The rough and grimy conditions were all one to her now that the "ruling force" had shifted. How could she become a professional pilot? By a sensation, such as flying to Australia, was the casual answer.

So the project developed, against baffling obstacles. After knocking over every door she secured half a backing from an oil magnate, but it was her father who stood loyally behind her and who helped to purchase a Gipsy Moth machine. Her lone flight to Darwin, the most fully documented event of her career, still grips the reader with suspense in the re-telling. Although each setback raised her standing with the now alerted press, Amy with typical modesty counted

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

JEAN PRINET and ANTOINETTE DILASSER: *Nadar*. 284pp. Paris: Armand Collin. 8.50fr.

Jean Prinet, Senior Curator of the Department of Periodicals at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and his assistant, Mme. Antoinette Dilasser, have used the large amount of documents and photographs which they have at hand to produce this paper-back biography of Gaspard-Félix Tournachon (1820-1910), better known as Nadar, the artist, photographer and balloonist. It is a scholarly, well-produced work, fortunately made easily readable by placing the numerous references sources, and acknowledgments in a fifty-page section at the end of the book. There are seventy-eight illustrations, but the quality of reproduction does not do justice to Nadar's fine photographic portraits.

Nadar began his career as a writer and caricaturist, but owes most of his fame to his photographs and his balloons. He took up photography in 1833-34 and, by 1838, he was a leading portrait photographer. In that year he took the world's first aerial photograph (from a captive balloon over Paris), and a few years later he photographed the Paris catacombs using electric light.

In aeronautics Nadar also displayed his flair for innovation by constructing a gigantic balloon, called *Le Géant*, several times larger than any other gas-balloon of the age. Beneath the balloon was slung a two-storey wicker-work car carrying some beds, a photographic studio and a printing press.

During the Siege of Paris in the autumn and winter of 1870-71 he organized a reconnaissance service, and later a postal service, by balloon. He also played a part in promoting the use of photography in the pigeon post, which was used during the siege.

After the war, Nadar again set up his photographic studio and continued to produce many portraits of celebrities, photographs which are to be found in almost every history of photography. He was the friend of artists, writers, and journalists, and it was one of his rooms which became the first Salon of the Impressionists in 1874.

In 1886 he published in *Le Journal Illustré* the text of an interview with the centenarian chemist Chevreul illustrated with a large number of photographs of the interview which his son had taken. This form of photojournalism, commonplace today, was novel at that time as the hand-held camera for "instantaneous" photography was a new development.

Although a balloon enthusiast, Nadar was convinced of the future of heavier-than-air machines for transport, and lived to see his dream become reality with the birth of aviation and the crossing of the Channel by Blériot.

As well as detailing Nadar's more famous achievements in the field of photography and aeronautics, this biography also contains an account of his role in the French press in the mid-nineteenth century and describes his activities in the revolution of 1848 and in the aftermath of the Franco-Prussian War.

The authors quote freely from Nadar's books, manuscripts and letters.

ROADWORK

BOYHOOD PHOTOS OF J. H. LARTIGUE. 126pp. Patrick Stephens. £1 7s.

W. O. BENTLEY: *My Life and My Cars*. 240pp. Hutchinson. £2 3s.

In photography—some hilarious, many unique—Jacques Lartigue chronicles how he and his brother and cousins amused themselves on vacations at their country estate, in Paris, among the fashionable ladies, the flying machines and the then fantastic horseless carriages.

This photographer, who took thousands of pictures a year, and who eventually became a painter, displayed a brilliant flair for his subjects, angles and occasions, always capturing the spirit of the moment. Though not exclusively of motorizing, his picture collection (compiled by Anni Guichard) fills us with the excitement felt by those begoggled, face-

her feat a failure—she had lagged behind the previous (male) record.

The last section of Miss Babington Smith's biography is headed "The Victim". It begins, significantly, with the victory progress through Australia, then the dizzy welcome back to England, her struggle with press dictatorship, the bullying and bickering that scratched the joy of the enterprise. That joy was never to return. In place of it a new, enmeshed surface was clipped on, with the beauty-and-entertainment treatment of a film star. She was doubly a victim when she met and married the playboy-ace Jim Morrison and planned dubious joint stunts, often the less successful for her leadership. By the time her stilled intelligence and integrity awoke to the truth that Jim had neither, she had seen the darkening of the general landscape.

Divorced, she clutched redoubtably at a project here, a backer there. In 1937 the loss of Amelia Earhart, a woman as sincere and unassuming as her own real self, seemed to switch a light off. "My two main assets," she wrote bitterly to her father, "being Amy Johnson and a woman, are disadvantages at the Air Ministry," which had presumed to offer her a junior post at £5 a week. Deflation had set in; when war broke out the woman Amy Johnson grew reconciled to taking £6 a week as a ferry pilot. She was now 37, and this was at last a serious routine job.

It was also her last assignment. The spirit of irony was abroad again: when, in January, 1941, she crashed to her death in the Thames estuary, rumours went round of a suspicious Mr. X whom she was smuggling out of England. A typical example of war hysteria, it is a case of her memory, and it leaves the reader gloomily reflecting on her "moral tale". It is not the pious morality of sin and punishment, but the spiritual hollowiness sung by the enchanted poets who find "dear" the lovelier prophet of delight in the delight in whose temple is the shrine of melancholy. It is a sign of Miss Babington Smith's appreciation that her biography should sound like an echoing chord.

Theatre and Entertainment

GOOD, CLEAN STUFF

JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR: *The Rise and Fall of the Well-Made Play*. 175pp. Methuen. 30s.

Mr. Taylor is the nearest thing we have to what the theatre and the stage are always asking for—a impartial critic. His first book was a well-researched account of the drama since 1956, a fiercely debated subject which he approached without the slightest show of partiality. Now he tackles the well-made play from Scribner to Rattigan, a contentious theme which again he tackles from a position of detachment.

The Rise and Fall of the Well-Made Play is based on a wide reading of the (mainly forgotten) texts, and is very useful for reference purposes. Chapters on separate plays, though containing thumbnail biographies, relating them to the theatre of their time and covering most of the output. And now that figures like Pinter and Lindsay are making respectable come-back, it is helpful to be given an over-all picture of the despised tradition they represent.

Beyond that, it is hard to say much of the book's favour. As the length of the chapters forbids any treatment of the writers in depth, the study has to be justified as an essay animated by a strong idea. Mr. Taylor has an idea. It is that the well-made play

flourished during a period of rigid social convention, and went into a decline when conventions relaxed. As a vehicle for serious drama it perished round about the turn of the century, but it lived on as a vehicle for comedy.

This idea is well worth developing, but it is not developed here. Mr. Taylor merely re-states it from time to time, trimming his opinions of works to fit the theory—as in his objection to Rattigan's *The Winslow Boy*, a successful, serious well-made play written at a time when such a thing ought not to be possible. Other questions arise. If the serious well-made play flourishes on social taboos, why cannot it be fitted to the taboos of subsequent generations (as it can, in the cases of homosexuality and race hatred—a link which Mr. Taylor implicitly fails to make). And why, in any case, should the comic well-made play have survived? Comedy, no less than "serious" drama, reflects social convention. And is Mr. Taylor making a statement about social change, or about the influence of what he calls the "poison of Shawian puritanism" which he seems to hold entirely responsible for the big shift in theatrical tastes?

Mr. Taylor's difficulty is that his theme is inseparably bound up with

social values which, as a critic of the "pure entertainment" school, he regards as none of his business. Nor is he ready to go into detail about craftsmanship. He offers no definition of the well-made play; and in discussing texts, his method is to give a plot synopsis at length, and then drop in a few relaxed comments afterwards. So far as they go, these are usually just; but they seem to be delivered off the cuff, and they do no more than underprop received ideas—such as the Scribner well-made play depended on elaborate plot; that Tom Robertson gave the form an injection of modest realism; that Noël Coward pared plot down to the minimum. It would be really interesting to see a Pinter play scrupulously broken down into its working parts; or to see its values related to those of its time and place. But Mr. Taylor has it both ways. As his playwrights are "not thinkers" he has no need to discuss their thought; and as they are professional craftsmen, he has no need to query their craft by dissecting it. The danger of the "entertainment" approach, as this book demonstrates, is that it leaves one with nothing to say.

THE LAST OF THE PUPPETEERS

SOFTIS SPATHARIS: *Behind the White Screen*. Translated and with an introduction by Mario Rinvoluceri. 166pp. London Magazine Editions: Alan Ross. Distributed by Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

Karagios—the main figure of the Greek shadow theatre after whom it is named—is in many ways the perfect example of the "objective correction" of the character, the mentality and the temperament of modern man. Moreover, Karagios, as a puppeteer and as an art form, being original and good evidence of a descendant of the Dionysian Cabalet and the ancient mysteries, is the carrier of the lovelier prophet of delight in the delight in whose temple is the shrine of melancholy. It is a sign of Miss Babington Smith's appreciation that her biography should sound like an echoing chord.

Karagios, the character, is always poor, oppressed, persecuted, in constant trouble with authority. At the same time, he is clever and witty, capable of succeeding in getting out of trouble. He is not slavish but rather sarcastic, bitterly humorous, full of cunning and deceit, always managing to survive poverty, hunger and a worst of luck.

Karagios, the art form has been called "the only form of modern Greek theatre" and has been considered as one of the main genuinely Greek sources of inspiration for Greek artists and painters. The Karagios folk belong to the rich Greek folk tradition which has been the main influence in Greek art since the independence in 1821.

The Greek shadow theatre developed soon after the independence

of Greece from Turkey. Shadow theatre, in fact, came to Greece from Turkey around that period but its origins go beyond the middle of the fourteenth century when shadow theatre in Turkey is first mentioned. A purely contemporary Greek form of shadow theatre appeared in Epirus between 1890 and 1900. This had very little in common with the phallic "Turkish" Karagios. Its main characters come either out of traditional stories about Alexander the Great or are heroes of the Greek War of Independence. The Dionysian, phallic and obscene elements that were characteristic of the earlier form were then discarded and the new shadow theatre incorporated the Greek customs and Christian Orthodox myths and beliefs of the Greeks of Epirus. From 1900 on, Greek shadow theatre developed in a yet new direction that combined the virtues of the two, previous forms and themes. The result was the creation of a collective folk art form with pure Greek roots, enriched with music, folk songs and even combined with performance by the puppeteer and his assistants those of the shadow theatre repertory, orally transmitted, were improved and altered according to contemporary social and political developments, and, although they have never been transcribed, except by occasional foreign scholars, have become the only modern classics of which Greek theatre can boast.

BUSINESS IN THE ROUND

JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR: *The Rise and Fall of the Well-Made Play*. 175pp. Methuen. 30s.

Mr. Taylor is the nearest thing we have to what the theatre and the stage are always asking for—a impartial critic. His first book was a well-researched account of the drama since 1956, a fiercely debated subject which he approached without the slightest show of partiality. Now he tackles the well-made play from Scribner to Rattigan, a contentious theme which again he tackles from a position of detachment.

The Rise and Fall of the Well-Made Play is based on a wide reading of the (mainly forgotten) texts, and is very useful for reference purposes. Chapters on separate plays, though containing thumbnail biographies, relating them to the theatre of their time and covering most of the output. And now that figures like Pinter and Lindsay are making respectable come-back, it is helpful to be given an over-all picture of the despised tradition they represent.

Beyond that, it is hard to say much of the book's favour. As the length of the chapters forbids any treatment of the writers in depth, the study has to be justified as an essay animated by a strong idea. Mr. Taylor has an idea. It is that the well-made play flourished during a period of rigid social convention, and went into a decline when conventions relaxed. As a vehicle for serious drama it perished round about the turn of the century, but it lived on as a vehicle for comedy.

This idea is well worth developing, but it is not developed here. Mr. Taylor merely re-states it from time to time, trimming his opinions of works to fit the theory—as in his objection to Rattigan's *The Winslow Boy*, a successful, serious well-made play written at a time when such a thing ought not to be possible. Other questions arise. If the serious well-made play flourishes on social taboos, why cannot it be fitted to the taboos of subsequent generations (as it can, in the cases of homosexuality and race hatred—a link which Mr. Taylor implicitly fails to make). And why, in any case, should the comic well-made play have survived? Comedy, no less than "serious" drama, reflects social convention. And is Mr. Taylor making a statement about social change, or about the influence of what he calls the "poison of Shawian puritanism" which he seems to hold entirely responsible for the big shift in theatrical tastes?

Mr. Taylor's difficulty is that his theme is inseparably bound up with social values which, as a critic of the "pure entertainment" school, he regards as none of his business. Nor is he ready to go into detail about craftsmanship. He offers no definition of the well-made play; and in discussing texts, his method is to give a plot synopsis at length, and then drop in a few relaxed comments afterwards. So far as they go, these are usually just; but they seem to be delivered off the cuff, and they do no more than underprop received ideas—such as the Scribner well-made play depended on elaborate plot; that Tom Robertson gave the form an injection of modest realism; that Noël Coward pared plot down to the minimum. It would be really interesting to see a Pinter play scrupulously broken down into its working parts; or to see its values related to those of its time and place. But Mr. Taylor has it both ways. As his playwrights are "not thinkers" he has no need to discuss their thought; and as they are professional craftsmen, he has no need to query their craft by dissecting it. The danger of the "entertainment" approach, as this book demonstrates, is that it leaves one with nothing to say.

The student of management can learn a lesson from Mr. Mills' book: a circus is business in the round. It is said that after almost half a century—after a long, long time—being to blame—modern management being to blame—Mr. Mills' Circus has passed out of Mr. Mills' control, though Mr. Mills' remains as managing director of the new order.

Photography

PHOTOTECHNICS

SAMUEL HASKINS: *November Girl*. 112pp. £3 3s. *African Image*. 184pp. £4 4s. Bodley Head.

JOHN D. GREEN: *Birds of Britain*. 144pp. Bodley Head. £3 3s.

YOUSUF KARSH: *Karsh Portfolio*. 203pp. Nelson. £4 4s.

These four new coffee-tables of photographic art in black-and-white include two by Samuel Haskins who made *Five Girls* (1962) and *Cowboy Kate* (1965). The publishers have wisely allowed him to design the layout of his pictures in both volumes which reveal him as a confident and creative photographer, who, though sometimes mannered, has a highly individual approach. *November Girl* is the less satisfactory of the two. Its subject is a single, sexy girl of melancholy mien, waiting in and out of her clothes, for the boy who never turns up. She is always alone except for an occasional bird, horse or doll, moaning for him who cometh not in prose-poem bursts styled like the Song of Solomon. The allegory is romantic and sad in a frustrated pre-Raphaelite way, and the mystery remains why no other knight now woos the girl from her morbid obsession, for she is beautiful and the other chap must now be presumed to be dead.

African Image is not a travel book but a personal essay about a small part of the vast continent in which the photographer was reared—about some of the natives who live there, their ritualistic art and their Congolese landscape. The photographs are straight, strong and splendid, particularly the close shots of faces and masks, and the *mise-en-page* is subtle. This, according to L. Fritz Gruber, who adds a comment to the book, is "photopoezy".

Birds of Britain is not a new Audubon but a fleshy paradise of noble young women in the post-Shirlington with-lily of Swinging London—mostly actresses, singers and models revealed in a variety of

forms and postures by an advertising photographer. In short the current British Girl of Fashion. At least she seems happier than the November Girl of unknown origins even if she may be obliged at times to take a dip in sump oil or to sit, tight and naked, for some unrevealed purpose in a washing-up bowl. Names and descriptions are provided but no telephone numbers.

The fourth big book elevates one swiftly to a dignified plane in an appraisal of the unmannered but masterly portraits of men and women of international renown by Karsh of Ottawa—Fleming, Churchill, Nehru, Khrushchev, Hemingway, Chagall, Camus, Stravinsky, Picasso, Moore, to name a random few in a gallery of forty-eight, all superbly reproduced by velvety gravure. They confirm a view that Armenian-born Karsh is among the greatest since photography began in a profession where photography can compete successfully in its own right with painting. Not only does the composing and the portrayal of inner character impress but also the perfect technique of chiaroscuro. In his vivid documentation of those that have left a mark on their time, Karsh has created a legacy which will be of value to future historians. To have been "Karshed" is to have achieved a new kind of immortality.

The A.E. Memorial Fund Award for 1967 has been given to Brendan Kennelly, on the basis of his two published volumes of poetry, *Collection One: Getting Up Early* and *Good Souls to Survive*, both published by Allen Figgis, Dublin.

Collins Christmas Shopping List

General **Harold Nicolson Diaries**

The autobiography of this year. *illus 45s*

Sir Arthur Bryant

PROTESTANT ISLAND *32s*

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Mammals of Britain & Europe *80s*

THE SECULARIZATION OF THE SOIL

H. P. R. FINBERG (General Editor): *The Agrarian History of England and Wales*. Volume IV (1500-1640). Edited by Joan Thirk. 919pp. Cambridge University Press. £7.

In 1956 a committee of distinguished scholars under the chairmanship of R. H. Tawney met to lay the first plans for a new enterprise of co-operative scholarship, a work extending to at least seven volumes and designed to cover the entire social and economic history of rural England and Wales from the neolithic age to the twentieth century. Tawney, of course, is no longer with us, but the present Advisory Committee, now presided over by Lord Rennell of Rodd, and the General Editor, Professor Finberg, must be proud and gratified to see in the present volume the first fruits of their labours.

As Professor Finberg remarks in his introduction, a great literature on the English rural past has accumulated since the pioneering days of Scobell and Thorold Rogers in the 1880s and the great studies published before 1914 by Vinogradoff, Maitland, Erle, the Hammonds, and Tawney himself. Over the past twenty years a new generation of scholars, encouraged by the opening of county and private archives, and by a rising public interest in local history, have vigorously renewed the investigation of the rural past. *The Agrarian History of England and Wales* has been conceived not merely as bringing together and synthesizing the now vast range of national and local studies—in itself a tremendous task—but even more as mounting a fresh approach to the agrarian problems of the past, based on new research and the widest use of the archives. This fresh approach is well exemplified in this first volume, for which the extensive research effort was supported by grants from the Nuffield Foundation.

Volume IV deals with the period 1500-1640, when land and farming undeniably dominated the economy and provided the basis for much of the country's trade and industry. Its publication will therefore be an important event for all historians of the period, as well as for agrarian specialists. The period is of course a crucial one in English agrarian history, when the medieval past, as represented by the hold on the land of the Church, was abruptly discarded, the land market rose to feverish activity, prices and population strained the structure of rural society, and portentous developments such as enclosure and the growth of convertible husbandry made themselves felt. A great deal of work has been done on these matters in recent years, and Dr. Thirk has assembled a team of outstanding scholars who have both judiciously summarized the new material and considerably extended the frontiers of our knowledge.

A large section of the volume is necessarily taken up with discussions of the changes in landownership, both

in England and in Wales, resulting in some authoritative and informative surveys. It is concluded that the greatest advantage from the Dissolution was gained not by speculative purchasers (who were fewer than is often supposed) but by the former tenants of the monasteries who bought the properties they already leased; the divisions between aristocracy, wealthy gentry, and mere gentry—divisions difficult to define and to maintain in view of regional variations in wealth and economic conditions—were less important than the factors which affected all landowners alike; and the Crown, whose prodigality in disposing of monastic lands has been exaggerated, behaved like any rational owner in disposing of the bulk of the lands sold at good current market rates.

Two chapters by Dr. Alan Everitt make important advances in discussing the marketing of agricultural produce and the farm labourers, two areas in which new work has been distinctly meagre. The chapter on markets is remarkably full with its detailed account of the number, origin, size and functions of market towns, their regulation by both state and local authorities, and their degree of specialization. Also examined are the influence of the expanding London market, export markets (this section, however, is relatively thin), fairs, and local and long-distance private dealing, together with the problems of establishing adequate business methods, supply of credit, and security of persons and goods in this age of rapidly-growing trade. Particularly interesting is the role of the inns as the locus of dealings by travelling merchants. "The Elizabethan and Stuart inn . . . was the hotel, the bank, the warehouse, the exchange, the scrivener's office, and the market place of many a private trader." Landlords provided facilities for pasturing drovers' beasts and the storage of produce, often acted as middlemen in bringing together dealers and customers, and some made their inns noted centres for specialized dealing in mail, wood or wool.

In considering the labourers Dr. Everitt emphasizes the importance of

variations between the lowland mixed farming areas and the upland districts of woods and pastures, a distinction already stressed by Dr. Thirk in her discussion of land use and farming practice. "The social framework of community life in upland and lowland England", Dr. Thirk points out, "was as distinct as the farming arrangements." In the lowland areas a highly organized manorial community was associated with the nucleated village; in the uplands, "the more typical unit of settlement was either the hamlet or the single farmstead, having little working association with its neighbours", and communities were held together more by loyalty to kinsmen than by manorial discipline. It seems likely that in upland England partible inheritance was more widely practised, and led in some areas to holdings of uneconomic size; but the existence of large areas of waste and commons, together with the employment provided by the local woodlands, minerals, quarries, and supplies of wool, enabled the highland communities to expand in spite of the limited area of fertile soil and its high degree of subdivision. In lowland England, on the other hand, although there were some areas of flourishing domestic industries, manorial control and the rule of primogeniture led to land shortage, stunted commons, a hostile attitude towards newcomers, and a forced emigration of younger sons: farm units were larger and farming was more of a full-time occupation while opportunities of engaging in industrial by-employments were more limited.

These differences between upland pastoral farming carried on mainly in closes taken in from the woods and waste, and the lowland mixed husbandry with its open fields, were of course modified by the growth of markets and other factors; but the distinction emphasized by Dr. Thirk is an important one which illuminates contemporary and later problems; enclosure in the midlands caused outcry and unrest because of the lack of waste and uninclosed commons, while little was heard of the continuous process of upland enclosure. The distinction forms the essential background to the discussion of farming techniques, enclosure and engrossing; and it may

have influenced, as is suggested, the regional distribution of Puritanism and dissent, the rise of independency, and support for Parliament.

Chapters on price movements, farm profits, and rents, and on rural housing in England and in Wales, together with a statistical appendix, round off this comprehensive volume. Housing of the rural classes, down to the labourers' cottages, is considered in valuable detail, while the various types of houses and their improvement are admirably illustrated by plans and photographs. The chapter on prices, profits and rents brings together much useful material, and confirms that, taking the period as a whole, the rise in sheep and wool prices was by no means the dominant factor it was once thought to be: all agricultural prices rose, and the rise in the price of cattle and grains exceeded in the long run that of sheep, and greatly exceeded that of wool. The rise in prices of agricultural commodities considerably outstripped that of industrial goods, and so income was redistributed in favour of the landlord and farmer. In the fifty years before the Civil War rents doubled or trebled, and these developments of course formed the background to the enclosures, engrossing, and other forms of estate exploitation which some historians have seen as a major factor in social changes and shifts in political power.

It is a necessary and familiar defect of works of cooperative scholarship that the subject-matter be broken up into sections suited to the specialist contributor, with the result that the trees are much more clearly defined than the wood. The failing is evident in this volume, and while it may not worry the specialist reader, others may feel the need for some pulling together, some signposts, or plotting of the broad outlines of the period, so that the contribution of the individual sections may be gauged and their inter-connections become apparent. The editor's introduction, interesting as a discussion of the contemporary appearance of the countryside, makes no attempt to provide a framework for the volume as a whole, and the reader is not even let into her confidence on such matters as the choice of subject-divisions, the weight given to them, and their arrangement, or on the limits chosen for the volume.

To begin about 1500 is reasonable enough, as near the accepted close of the Middle Ages and as opening a new century in which political developments, population growth, and rising prices all quickened agrarian activity; but the choice of 1640 is less obvious, unless we are to assume that the changes in landholding brought in during the Interregnum mark a significant new phase, and that about this time agrarian organization, market trends, and techniques began to develop along new lines.

It is a pity, too, that some of the raw price series, on which the indexes of the statistical appendix were based, were not included; their addition would have made the appendix more generally useful reference source, as well as a quarry for research in the period. This is a fault that we might hope to see remedied in subsequent volumes.

But if there is one major weakness in this volume it lies in the insularity of its approach. England and Wales with its separate chapters, are treated very much in a geographical and ideological isolation which may well have existed but is not discussed. An attempt to put the English developments in their western European setting would have given a wider and more illuminating perspective and added greatly to the value of the volume. As it is, we are unable to judge how far the English experience was unique, how far it was influenced by the Continental market and by the Low Countries advances in techniques, and whether English farming was ahead or behind that of western Europe generally. Much remains to be discovered and assessed, but there can be no finality in history; and as the General Editor remarks, "one always writes too soon; but if one puts it off, one may not write at all." Volume IV of *The Agrarian History* will no doubt stand as an indispensable authority for many years to come.

One final word of congratulation: somehow one always expects a large specialized work of this kind to make heavy reading. This book, remarkably, is eminently readable throughout. In this, as in so many other ways, Joan Thirk and her colleagues set a high standard for the subsequent volumes to emulate.

PROPHET OF POPULATION GROWTH

COLIN CLARK: *Population Growth and Land Use*. 406pp. Macmillan. £3.10s.

No subject is at once of livelier interest or less positively satisfactory than the study of human population. Thirty years ago the demographers painted a picture for us of imminent decline—an aging, dependent, and unflinching Britain. A generation earlier they had warned us about our physical and mental decay; a "tabid and willful stock" was resulting from the sexual prudence of the rich and worthy, the incontinence of the poor and inferior. In 1798 Malthus had threatened the world with over-population, poverty, and the reign of "miserable vice". Once again the demographers of the "population explosion" are conjuring Malthusian devils from the wings of future history. Even in the years directly following the Second World War, and in spite of the evidence, the impression left by the Royal Commission on population and the interpreters of the second survey of Scottish intelligence was that our future was to dwindle as population declined numerically and in quality. The one certain thing, according to the population experts, was that nothing good could be hoped for. This bad wisdom is true, of course; only it has not been true in the form predicted by the demographers.

Meanwhile we have had the rise of planning. Many plans in such varied fields as education, housing, site location, taxation, and so on, whether made by central or local government, business or voluntary associations, depend on demographic

forecasts. On the whole such forecasts have been badly wrong. The history of elementary and higher education is the graveyard of population projections. Yet, except for a few iconoclasts such as Dr. Colin Clark, the confidence of the demographers seems equalled only by confidence in them. Why is this?

Properly to assess Dr. Clark's stimulating, uneven and fruitful book, one must try to answer this question. Demography deals with some of the least dubious data available to the social studies. Its methods are quantitative, complex, related to those of such old and successful enterprises as insurance and actuarial science, and sophisticated. The pumbling of the people has concerned the state since biblical times. Demographers have recently—particularly, but not only, in France—made great, solid and novel contributions to historical studies. They appear both precise and authoritatively empirical. Perhaps this is the trouble: ruthless empiricism, the haven of unrecognized prejudice, ideology, ideas *recrues* and obstinacy. One might almost claim that, as the techniques advance, the gap before the projection is falsified is lessened. This too is true of many subjects, but few of them have such a record of error. Demography probably needs, and is getting, more and better methods, and it also needs—but neither method nor want—better education, discipline, and psychology. Dr. Clark is not concerned to provide these, though he does give us

some help on every front save the psychological. It would be easy to criticize his book. He takes up the old and the new Malthusian argument about the relation of population to resources, particularly land. He provides masses of data, but not all his series are complete or continuous. The book was twenty years in the making, and this gives it depth, but some of the strata laid down in its growth are obdurate. He writes, as ever, with vigour, but he would not pretend that his book is, or could be, easy. At times he explains reasonably elementary points at length; at others he assumes knowledge and expertise. The rich historical compilations signify because data are not always comparable. The argument emerges by the effort of the reader more than any direct exposition. Perhaps he underestimates the present hunger of the world. Yet this is an optimistic accessible important and unorthodox book.

Without population growth, Dr. Clark argues, traditional peasant societies will not learn new and more productive ways. Industrial econo-

mies are dependent for their well-being on the growth of their markets. Demographic increase multiplies urban sprawl and beaustifies the gap between rich and poor communities, but is otherwise to be welcomed. Dr. Clark is convinced, the error, will still provide for our foreseeable future; the extractive industries (including agriculture) depend on sources far richer than the prophets of the population explosion and Malthusianism believe. Dr. Clark offers to science-fiction or other deliverance. Now, without any new gimmicks, we know enough technology to welcome growth, back to the future, from our leading agricultural economist is heartening.

It is not entirely convincing that the demographic orthodox is probably wrong seems more likely. Dr. Clark is encouraging worth the most serious attention. He restates his case in a popular form?—and valuable for debate. Probably humanity and our prophets, including Dr. Clark,

Any Questions?

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Marshall Mannerheim and the Finns
OLIVER WARNER

"A first class biography of Finland's greatest soldier, and at the same time an account of Finland's history during the last century which is remarkable for its clarity and objectivity." *Birmingham Post*

Waldenfeld & Nicolson

THE MAN AT THE MAUDSLEY

AUBREY LEWIS: *Inquiries in Psychiatry*. 335pp. *The State of Psychiatry*. 310pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3 3s. each.

Sir Aubrey Lewis's retirement after thirty-eight years at the Maudsley Hospital has provided the occasion for the publication of these two volumes selected from his writings, and sponsored by his pupils. Their content comprises examples of his published work between the period 1932 and 1965 and consists of essays and addresses, including publications of memorable pieces of individual and collective research initiated by him, the whole totaling some thirty-four separate contributions in the two volumes. In them are historical, three primarily directly educational, and the rest either philosophical dissertations or pieces of classical research in the fields of depression, social psychiatry, obsessive-compulsive disorder, demography, and fertility and mental illness.

Throughout both, intellectual standard and literary style remain like impeccable. There are innumerable ways of writing beautiful English, but Sir Aubrey's technique is invariably flawless in this respect, even though this involuntarily might make for monotony if one attempted to read the whole of both volumes at one sitting. This, of course, is not how they were composed, nor could anyone interested in any one of the chosen subjects fault an individual piece for content or expression. Sir Aubrey years his scholarship lightly, never writes like a pedant, never descends to jargon yet is never far from that perceptive wit which always lay beneath the surface of his quite readable mind, even in its most earnest deliberations.

It would be unreasonable to expect any one man, no matter how distinguished, to give a complete picture of British psychiatry over the period covered, but what these two books do do is an indication of how British psychiatry became, through the Maudsley Hospital and later the

Institute of Psychiatry, perhaps the most academically brilliant, progressive, and respected combination of clinical scholarship and critical integrity in the world. So important a success in postgraduate teaching and practice is a remarkable tribute to the author's unrelenting concern for the highest intellectual and academic rigour, in a subject not always distinguished by such virtues. He has been rightly praised for his furtherance of well grounded research projects, wide interests, and most of all his unquestionable success in demonstrating over the whole period of thirty-eight years, first in his own circle of colleagues and pupils, and then in the wider circles which they in turn created as they departed and moved across the surface of the world, that psychiatry is a mental discipline which can be taught and studied on a scientific as well as a descriptive basis, and in which a capacity for criticism is as important as enthusiasm.

In one sense these two volumes are representative of the *festi-hrift*—inasmuch as they mark Sir Aubrey's retirement from clinical responsibilities: even though his enormous resource and dedication remain available for further reflection, writing and committee work. The use of the German word is to emphasize Sir Aubrey's erudition and familiarity with a wide range of scholarly works in several languages. When he uses quotations in French, German, and Latin, Sir Aubrey uses them untransliterated. Less widely read men have done the same thing as a literary gambit; in these books the sources quoted—medieval authors, innumerable obscure nineteenth-century psychiatrists, and German doctors and philosophers going back to the eighteenth century, point to Sir Aubrey's mastery of the topics he chooses to illuminate.

If, in these volumes, there is one

important element of current British psychiatry less in evidence than one might have wished, it is just that element in which the author himself seemed less inclined by choice or temperament to take as active a part as he did in the other fields of endeavour which have distinguished him. There is very little about his personal views and experience in treatment. Yet in psychiatry, as in the rest of medicine, treatment is what matters most to the patient. And treatment in psychiatry has probably made relatively more progress in the past twenty-five years than in any other period in the history of the subject.

The reader will be wise therefore to savour what he finds of history, education, philosophy, and research within these pages, and to realize that they represent some of the best thinking in psychiatry ever put into words. In reviewing two volumes comprising thirty-four articles, it would be quite impossible and indeed pointless to attempt to summarize the work as a whole. Two studies exemplify the general tenor and value of the whole. They include the range of articles on depression (perhaps the author's greatest individual piece of clinical research) and chosen with some difficulty out of seven brilliant addresses on the state of psychiatry: "Health as a social concept". This latter presents the definitive argument for regarding health as ultimately a medical rather than a sociological concept, and propounds arguments of such cogency that even the redoubtable Baroness Wootton proved subsequently entirely unable either to refute or even seriously to question their validity.

One of the things that psychiatrists have to be able to do is to educate the public as well as treat their patients. One way of doing this is by harnessing wit and perceptive compassion to the exposition of the subject, no

matter what the audience or whom the readership. There are numerous instances here of Sir Aubrey's capacity to perform this remarkable feat. For example, in a review (originally published in *The Times Literary Supplement*, October 6, 1961) entitled "The Story of Unreason" he has this paragraph:

The story in its broad outlines is familiar, and dramatic, like the story of slavery. After the torments and judicial murders of the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance, which confounded demonic possession with delusion and frenzy, and smelt out witchcraft in the maunderings of demented old women, there were the cruelties and degradation of the madhouses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which authority used chains and whips as its instruments. Humanitarian effort put an end to the abuses. Piel in France, Chiarugi in Italy, Tuke in England inaugurated an era of kindness and medical care, which prepared the way for a rational, humane approach to the mastery of mental illness.

Has anyone ever said this better?

In another context, Sir Aubrey's Bradshaw Lecture to the Royal College of Physicians, in November, 1957, on "Between Guesswork and Certainty in Psychiatry", opened with this arresting and enjoyable broadside:

It is the common state of reflective and inquiring minds to be somewhere between untrammelled guesswork and certainty. It would be discreditable if psychiatrists were huddled at either extreme, wholly engaged in guessing or ignorantly certain. We are, however, sometimes suspected of luxuriating in speculation and of invincible faith in our tenets; and I propose to consider how this reputation has arisen.

These comments are, of course, not intended to suggest effortless superiority in the exposition of his subject by a remarkable scholar whose impact on the teaching and critical practice of psychiatry has been profound. Sir Aubrey Lewis was

and is still a humane, enlightened, polite, and tolerant man—while critical, for example, of the unsentimental aspects of psychoanalysis, he has never descended into strident aggressiveness; his rejoinder to a rash or ill-considered piece of pontification from a colleague, whether of his own generation or of the much junior in the establishment of which he was the head, was characteristically to reply (with an earnest and almost dillident mien often softened by a charming smile), "of course you've read . . .", citing some key text in the literature on the subject concerned.

In this way much of the published background knowledge of psychiatry was taught at least as much by example as by precept. Throughout Sir Aubrey's classical work he constantly reminded the young specialists who were to emerge eventually as teachers and consultants all over the world of the essential inter-relationship between psychiatry and the rest of medicine, together with the necessity of rigorous scientific and clinical criteria for its description and practice. Yet he was always aware of the immense social implication of the subject, outside medicine as well as within it. His balance and judgment in evaluating these implications can be exemplified by this extract from "Health as a Social Concept":

Though our estimate of the efficiency with which functions work must take account of the social environment which supplies stimuli and satisfies needs, the criteria of health are not primarily social: it is misconceived to equate ill-health with social deviation or maladjustment. If we avoid this error, we shall find it easier to study the relation between health and social well-being and, to one may hope, learn how to further both.

To further both has been Sir Aubrey's aim; and when the time comes to write his epitaph it will surely be said that in this respect he did what he set out to do.

PAVLOV'S LABOUR LOST

MR. RAMAGE: *Battle for the Free Mind*. Foreword by H. Guntrip. 269pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.

The first third of *Battle for the Free Mind* is a careful, factual, hostile examination of the themes implicit in Dr. William Sargant's famous and influential *Battle for the Mind*, with a working hypothesis that human psychology can and should be interpreted and manipulated in terms of behaviourist dogma: its argument that such emotional forms of conversion were produced in the eighteenth century by Wesley's preaching can be regarded with the results of the deliberate brain-washing carried out in totalitarian regimes today; and, of all, its bland, terrifying assumption that the end justifies the means, that the methods of inhibiting human judgment and freedom of choice are wrong in communism, but are right if Christians or other-minded humanists employ them.

The second division of the book might well be called "Unfair to Wesley". It is an interesting, though perhaps over-detailed, historical account of Wesley's actual beliefs, sermons and writings. How destructive of brilliant theories and striking parallels plain brutal facts can be! Repudiating "the blasphemy of the horrible decree of predestination" in the Calvinist teaching still alive in popular opinion, he preached to men who already felt gully, frustrated and rejected—

respect as person to person, and re-learned Martin Buber's discussion of I-Thou relationships. Above all he reiterates the fundamental question "is it ever right to use methods of . . . changing men's beliefs or behaviour that deliberately infringe their personal integrity?"

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and many of them hungry and hopeful as well—the universal love of God, releasing a flood of emotion not by threats of hell but by the assurance that someone cared for them in their present misery. "Damn, damn, 'Bless' relaxes," never-theless, the widely publicized hysterical reactions accompanying this relaxation happened during only three per cent of his many sermons, and he himself described them as "of a doubtful disputable nature", observing both that "those symptoms could be without this work" and that "this work could be without those symptoms". His advice, "never dream of forcing men into the ways of God. Think for yourself and let think" could hardly be more remote from any recommendation of conditioning or "reduc-

ing human behaviour to the level of an engineered or automatic response". Mr. Ramage contends, moreover, that the class meetings which consolidated Methodism in no way resembled the communist indoctrination cells to which Dr. Sargant compares them, and suggests convincingly that a more accurate parallel would be with such groups as Alcoholics Anonymous.

The last part of the book examines the features common to empirical psychotherapy and the doctrine of prevention grace, and makes the crucial point that in both the individual is accepted and loved as what he is before transformation and growth into what he might be.

It is a most interesting and valuable piece of work. If Mr. Ramage could have read Dr. Sargant's autobio-

graphy, *The Unquiet Mind*, before completing it, much would have become plain to him; the author's compassionate and complete dedication to healing, his understandable impatience with the cruelties and absurdities of certain doctrinaire Freudians, and his hard struggle against medical orthodoxy to be allowed to use swift psychophysical measures to restore the balance of war-shattered neurotics, and to bring back to sanity miserable patients previously treated as hopelessly mad, a struggle in which the work of Pavlov was a great support.

What is done to heal the sick, however, cannot be used as a precedent or justification for the mental corruption of the sound, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Ramage's study will arouse and keep awake a general recognition of this fact.



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THE BIOLOGICAL REVOLUTION

"I CANNOT HAVE ESCAPED THE notice of even the most casual of newspaper readers or television viewers that we are in the midst of what has been called a 'biological revolution'." says Royston Clowes in *The Structure of Life*. Perhaps revolution is a strong term, but if tomorrow's reality stems from yesterday's science fiction, it may even be an understatement. To the citizen of today recent findings of science may well be a source of anxiety, for we have to accept that such findings are influencing the modern world more and more, for good or ill. Biologists are playing their part in the advances, as is reflected in the spate of relevant literature that has appeared recently, both in the popular press and between stiffer covers.

It is almost within the experience of this generation, at least its older members, that one distinguished scholar taught four science disciplines within the university. With advancing knowledge two of these, botany and zoology, have been successively combined, re-divided, subdivided and the sections given different names, though neither labels, staircases nor buildings can really divide the study of the living world. Recent advances in biology have made this even more apparent, for it has been by the combined efforts of biologists, chemists, physicists and others that the major contributions to knowledge in this field have been brought about. Haig P. Papazian in *Modern Genetics*, written very clearly and unencumbered with technical terms whenever possible, has put the matter amusingly but with a considerable measure of truth when he writes: "Life in the older Botany and Zoology Departments became intolerable to the more ambitious men and women. We could not take over these old Departments because of political inertia. So we aggregated into brand new Departments in brand new buildings." This necessitated brand new names and Departments of Genetics, Physiology, Molecular Biology and other divisions of the broad subject of biology have grown up.

It is easy to "scorn the base degrees by which we did ascend", but the first phase in the development of biology laid the foundation on which all the rest has been built. "First catch your hare", was Mrs. Beeton's instruction. First find, describe, classify and name your organism was the theme which characterized the beginning of biological study, the world over. In Britain it was carried out not only within the university but also by naturalists in all walks of life, with country parsonages housing some of the most important herbaria.

Pastern wrote that "in the field of observation, chance favours the mind that is prepared". From the first phase of biological investigation, the second arose naturally. The accumulated information had to be interpreted and interrelated. The structure and function of the various organs and tissues were studied. The work of Mendel and Darwin demonstrated the laws of inheritance. Elizabeth Gaskell gives an interesting account of the investigations between 1651 and 1828 into what was then called "Generation". Though it was known that mammals reproduced sexually, some of the lower animals were thought to originate by spontaneous generation from mud or warm water. Plant sexuality was

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not understood and no clear distinction was drawn between different types of generation. By the end of the eighteenth century there appears to have been a lull and further work came only some thirty years later. Then came the work of Darwin and the publication of *The Origin of Species* in 1859. By suggesting that evolution could have occurred as a result of natural selection he stimulated anew the interest in the whole question of inheritance. By the latter part of the nineteenth century biologists accepted evolution as a fact and began to think of the way it could have been brought about. Details of cell division and the importance of reduction division after sexual fusion were established with improved microscopic technique, and in 1901 Mendel's paper was rediscovered. Mendelism as it was then called became of extreme importance, though Morgan's chromosome theory of inheritance followed later. The part played by the nucleus in the cell was then established and the function of both sperm and egg demonstrated. Genes on the chromosomes came to be regarded as the bearers of the hereditary characters in the cell.



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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BURSARS OF THE STATE—2

With the announcement last week of a new batch of prose bursars, the Arts Council's Literature Panel seems to have completed its good work for 1967. There have been no significant departures from the "policy" that was pursued last year. Once again the largest slice of the cash available for literature has been distributed to individual writers, either as bursaries or as maintenance grants. The same panel (give or take a couple of resignations) has done the choosing, and in the same way; and the lists of lucky beneficiaries look just as arbitrary and unconvincing as they did in 1966. Our point, of course, has been that no list of this kind is likely to look otherwise. Here, for the record, are the current winners:

Prose Bursaries:
£1,200 each to EDWARD BRATHWAITE (37), KAREN GERSHON (34), ZULFIKAR GHOSH (32), PATRICK KAVANAGH (Patrick Kavanagh died on November 29, but we understand he received his bursary some weeks before his death), and RICHARD MURPHY (40).

Maintenance Grants:
£1,200 each to JEAN RHYNS (70), GILBERT PHELPS (52), KATHLEEN NORT (53), CHRISTINA STEAD (65), FRANKS FYTTON (39), LETTICE COOPER (70), JULIA SINACHRY (60), JOHN PETTY (48), and JOHN BAKER (40); £600 each to EDWARD CANDY (42), PAUL RITCHIE (40), ANTHONY ROSETER (40), PATRICIA HUTCHINGS (44), and PETER GREAVE (56). In addition to bursaries, a number of maintenance grants have been awarded; that is to say, grants that might—pound for pound—advances paid by publishers for specific promised works.

Sum of between £200 and £400 each to JOHN ATKINS, GEORGE BARRIS, J. C. M. BAYNES, VINCENT BROWN, EVA FIDDES, GEORGE FALUDY, LAWRENCE HANSON, PHILIP HENDERSON, CHRISTOPHER KINIMONT, STEVE MACKAY, FRANK NORMAN, NICHOLSON, ANN QUINN and BARRY VAZONY.

As a point of interest, it should be noted that maintenance grants, although they are approved by the Literature Panel, are in effect distributed by the Finance Committee, a small sub-committee comprising the chairman and vice-chairman of the panel (in 1967, Cecil Day Lewis and Angus Wilson); in 1968, Angus Wilson and Frank Kermode; and, four non-panel members, Victor Bonham-Carter, Reginald Davis-Poynter, Peter Porter and C. V. Wedgwood. The Finance Committee meets every six weeks and its duties are crucial and extensive; it considers (and has the power to accept or reject) applications from magazines, festivals, poetry readings, troupes, from publishers (to help with the publication of particularly expensive works) and from translators (one grant of £400, already been awarded this year, to Peter Weiss). All this in addition to the maintenance grants. Although my comment on the truncated estate of the full panel can spur a recommendation of the Finance Committee, this rarely happens; it is assumed that the Committee has been fully informed and is judicious. One or two members of the panel, though, have expressed concern about the nature and extent of the Finance Committee's powers, and the Literature Panel now plan to change the Committee's membership each year. There is no analogous intention regarding the membership of the full panel.

Other ventures should be mentioned in this brief account of the bursary scheme. The Arts Council has decided to abandon the prize scheme that last year rewarded undervalued or forgotten masterpieces. It is to be replaced by a more conventionally optimistic venture that will single out for princely tribute (a) the best first novel, 1965-67, (b) the best book of short stories, 1965-67, (c) the best work of non-fiction, 1965-67, and (d) the best first or second book of poems, 1965-67. The judges will be (a) P. H. Newby and Francis Wyndham, (b) Francis Hope and James Stern (one of the winners, incidentally, under last year's scheme), (c) Maurice Cranston and Robert Blake, and (d) Richard Murphy and Anthony Richardson. Aside from this bold undertaking, nothing new is envisaged for the coming year; it will be the same old round of more or less random handouts.

Year's Work in English Subsidies. The panel has decided to abandon the prize scheme that last year rewarded undervalued or forgotten masterpieces. It is to be replaced by a more conventionally optimistic venture that will single out for princely tribute (a) the best first novel, 1965-67, (b) the best book of short stories, 1965-67, (c) the best work of non-fiction, 1965-67, and (d) the best first or second book of poems, 1965-67. The judges will be (a) P. H. Newby and Francis Wyndham, (b) Francis Hope and James Stern (one of the winners, incidentally, under last year's scheme), (c) Maurice Cranston and Robert Blake, and (d) Richard Murphy and Anthony Richardson. Aside from this bold undertaking, nothing new is envisaged for the coming year; it will be the same old round of more or less random handouts.

There is a chance, though, that 1968 might also be the year in which, at last, the Arts Council will begin to work out some more coherent policy for literature. At any rate, it now seems possible that by 1969 a different method of distributing the funds will have been decided on. At the last meeting of the Literature Panel some of the younger members expressed dissatisfaction with the present set-up and after some discussion it was agreed that a memorandum should be prepared, setting down alternative proposals. It was agreed, too, that the bursary scheme should be allowed to run for one more year while these alternatives are being debated. It has taken the panel two years, two years of fumbling improvisation, to acknowledge even to itself that it lacks any kind of thought-out policy, and it is difficult therefore to get especially excited by these sudden frowns and murmurs. None the less, one of the more disturbing aspects of the council's public persona has been its almost total complacency, and the merest tremor of self-examination ought not to be discouraged.

MAKING A SCENE

Sir,—Thursday, December 7 my contributor's copies of the *Corgi Love Love* arrive: after breakfast the *TLZ* with its no holds barred attack; a happy morning.

There are a few points to be made. First, there is apparently a war on. Or, at least, an editorial instead of having the book properly reviewed? And why such a fuss about titles, covers and publishers' handouts? Film critics usually comment on the film not the trailers and the stills outside. And why the killer technique of the so-called "random" typical quotations finding only the bad? One or two poets in the book? "One or two poets in the book" appealed. You mention one. Who were the others? Which poems? It was once a critic's job to single out the best. But of course this was an editorial.

WRITING AS A SOCIAL ACT

M. ADERETH: *Commitment in Modern French Literature*. 239pp. Collancz. £2 2s.

The idea of "commitment" is a complicated one and gives rise to a variety of questions. We need a hard-won definition of the term before we can tackle such fundamental problems as the distinction between (willed) commitment and (involuntary) involvement; between left-wing commitment and other non-political forms; between the initially committed attitude and its subsequent imaginative realization in artistic terms. Problems both of definition and explanation become particularly acute where writing is concerned. At what point do we draw a line that will clarify Camus's distinction between moral engagement and political involvement? How far does the left-wing author's absorption of political themes in his work end up with the absorption of his writing by political calculation? Can we demand of the poet that he bridge the gap between private experience and public event and find an authentic source of inspiration in political programmes or economic disasters? Not least of all, can commitment permit a writer to explore the twists and quirks of human experience or will the dogma to which he is already committed render genuine exploration impossible?

Dr. Adereth touches on few of these problems. His efforts to answer the questions which he does raise are unsatisfactory. What he means by commitment, for example, is not at all clear. He appears to treat as

adequate definitions both Aragon's statement that he is "saying what he really thinks" and Sartre's extremely vague reference, within the context of commitment, to being "a man among men". Neither phrase helps much unless one wishes to claim that only committed writers can be honest-tongued men among men. Inevitably, Dr. Adereth has a certain amount to say about Sartre's views in *Qu'est-ce que la littérature?* and the more recent rejection of some of these ideas in *Les Mots*. He agrees with Sartre that writing is a social act and repeats the claim that commitment is a peculiarly twentieth-century concept "because it corresponds to the specific conditions of our time". But he does not analyse further what it means to describe writing as a "social act", nor does he spell out "the specific conditions of our time". He simply asserts that contemporary reality "is moving so fast that it is difficult to understand it" and that art is not concerned with "a so-called unchangeable human nature" but with "a contemporary situation which has its own unique features". The first of these assertions merely says that commitment, whatever it is, is an extremely difficult enterprise in an age which has gone the less made it a necessity; the second assertion offers a couple of unserviceable truisms.

One has more sympathy with Dr. Adereth when he expresses reservations about Sartre's claim that the

purpose of writing is "to change the world". He may not convince us that he is sufficiently tough-minded when he simply asks that we should concern ourselves less with the aim of writing and more with its effect, but there is sense in his view that great art primarily compels us "to remould our lives". Nevertheless, the implications for commitment are once more disturbing. Who compels the greater degree of "remoulding" of our lives: the committed Aragon or the uncommitted Proust, the committed André Sil or the uncommitted Colette? Is it not one of the valuable aspects of Malraux's novels that they explore in some depth the human and aesthetic inadequacies of political commitment?

This leads us to what is perhaps the major question among the many to which a reading of this book gives rise: what critical standards are implied by this account of Péguy, Aragon and Sartre? In seeking an answer, and without going to the length of exclusive, Leavisite asperities, we may well be alarmed at what appears to be Dr. Adereth's critical canon. In his final chapter on "Poetry and Commitment", for example, he suggests some of the values with which the committed critic works. He states that Eliot's *Waste Land* must be found unsatisfactory because, "despite the technical virtuosity of the poet", *The Waste Land* fails to tell us how to overcome those weaknesses which Eliot has explored and

which he regards as a permanent feature of human beings. Immediately afterwards Dr. Adereth adds the surprising phrase: "I repeat that I am not attempting here the necessary analysis of Eliot's poetry." The point surely is that we cannot comment on what Eliot is "saying" unless we analyse his poetry. Dr. Adereth seems content to drive a wedge between a poet's ideas and their verbal expression, yet ideas and their poetic formulation are fused in a single imaginative perception to which the reader must respond in its totality. In an earlier comment on *Les Fleurs du mal* a similar kind of wedge is driven in and we are told, with astounding condescension, that Baudelaire, by writing great poetry, "partly made up for his own unworthiness". The puritanism which threatens literature does not lie in a dislike of pornography but in a critical attitude which convicts poets of a personal unworthiness which they may or may not have managed (in the critic's eyes) to purge by their verse.

One result of this general approach is that the writers discussed here are evaluated primarily on non-literary grounds. Péguy's *Jeannie d'Arc*, which raises some very interesting critical problems, is approved of simply because the impulses behind it meet with Dr. Adereth's approbation. Similarly, literary values are not discussed in the account of that series of

very bad novels which Aragon wrote under the general title of *Les Communistes*. To read Dr. Adereth's account of them is to have no idea of their psychological automatism and stylistic ineptitude. They are admired because Aragon's heart was in the right place—even when he praised the Soviet purges of 1937 and 1938. It appears to be the same bias that causes Dr. Adereth to speak so well of two of Sartre's worst plays: *La Putain respectueuse* and *Nekromancy*.

The real fault of this book, which deals with genuinely interesting material, is its uncritical—even emotional—approach. Aragon's novels are described, without a hint of irony, as "moving human documents" and his claim that he could not have written a novel filled with love of France had he not been a communist goes unchallenged. Similarly, Sartre's anti-bourgeois obsession is accepted without question and his attack on Mauriac's fictional characters is approved without a word being said either about Mauriac's own commitment (from the Spanish Civil War onwards) or about the way in which Sartre's fictional characters are themselves often chained by their author's ideology. We must still await a book which will really get down to the whole idea of commitment and clear away the emotional double-think which continues to dominate the thoughts of most of its advocates.

IMAGES OF ELSEWHERE

JEAN-PIERRE RICHARD: *Paysage de Chateaubriand*. 189pp. Paris: Le Seuil. 15fr.

It is hard to say whether Chateaubriand, that *monstre sacré* of the school-room who survived two régimes after the fall of his celebrated contemporary Napoleon Bonaparte, is of interest more as an émigré man of sorrows, as an architect of neo-gothic sensibility, as a foolish politician and Foreign Minister (architect of a discreditable invasion of Spain) or as the monumentally complacent author of the *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*. Those of his compatriots who have written big books on him, from one angle or another, have in general paid him the compliment of treating him as a very important or influential person: beginning with Sainte-Beuve, for whom his place in modern literature was a central one, and up to the work of Mme. M.-J. Durry, who devoted two volumes to the later stages of his life. J. P. Richard's book is much shorter than these, but it is a very concentrated study, immune to the temptations of digression, which the subject may lure the critic to explore, and for this reason it too, has the stature of a big book—almost as substantial as M. Richard's recent long work on Mallarmé.

There is some cogency in the title

Paysage. How many synonyms does the French language still harbour (*espace intérieur, profondeur, univers, &c.*) for the concept this word renders?—namely, the study, as the author himself tells us, of "all the sensible elements which form the matter and as it were the ground of his (Chateaubriand's) creative experience", as well as "that author himself, as he presents himself to us as both subject and object of his own writing". Chateaubriand in this exercise is not a traveller, exile, apologist for the Bourbons, novelist, stylist, pamphleteer, politician, prophet or actor: "he is extracted from a corpus of words, the words which we can reasonably attribute to the authorship of a single 'person', and only those words; excluding largely those other *corpora* of opinions, political or religious beliefs or aims or acts, which are normally associated with people like him (or any other citizen): excluding entirely the inter-actions of the man with other real men; in short, what some might judge to be an abstraction, the deep, and, if possible, coherent sensibility, the *paysage*. The biographer is, naturally, ruled out

for the dimension of time is irrelevant; the literary critic is ruled out, for the objects which he might study, a specific work of literary imagination or a range of language, are irrelevant. One derogation only from this stern prescription: a mischievous little piece on Chateaubriand's lame apology for "his" war of intervention in Spain.

Among adepts of this kind of critical writing today, M. Richard is surely one of the most intelligent, usually the least pretentious, and probably the most agreeable to read. Comparisons need not be spelled out; but there are more suggestive and cogent pages in his *Chateaubriand* than in some very comparable essays in the new criticism reviewed in these columns in the past year or so. It is true that from time to time even he seems to require a rather laborious mode of discourse;

in the chapter "Rhétorique et Existence" half a dozen successive analyses of almost banal flights of rhetoric acquire a portentousness which common sense will smile at. "Perhaps they're thinking of me as I write this sentence", or, "people have been through Combourg without knowing I was born there just as I went through Harrow without knowing that Byron had lived there", and other such examples of imagined coincidence, confirm what we know of Chateaubriand's vanity and reinforce the impression that the harped incessantly on the notion of great men not being properly recognized as they flit across the stage of life; but these same examples may just possibly not deserve the ornate schemata with which M. Richard expands the notion of metaphor, or the paradoxes with which he surrounds it—"la vaine rencontre éblouit tout à la fois et élude la rencontre", &c. But

Roland Barthes has passed that way already.

Chateaubriand's *paysage* turns out, after all, not to be a strange or marvellous one; it is the summary of a very ordinary imaginative range, ill-disguised by lexical exotica. Haunted by decrepitude, ancestral ghosts (easy to link by chain of association with images of Venice, of tombs, or of Egyptian mummies), by images of elsewhere (America, Greece, civilizations ruined or crumbling), by a thoroughly narcissistic fantasy world also, which M. Richard lovingly builds up link by link, this grandiloquent little man appears through his voluminous writings as a kind of officious Oswald the mini-Homer of a dawning age of Cooks tours. Others besides M. André Malraux have been compared with Chateaubriand; after M. Richard's book such comparisons may come to seem less flattering.

SULPHUR AND BRIMSTONE

ERIKA OSTROVSKY: *Céline and his Vision*. 225pp. New York University Press. University of London Press. £2 10s.

It seems to be hard to write simply and reasonably about Céline. Miss Ostrovsky's book, the first full-length study of him to come out in English, is inflated and repulsive, a useful directory for anyone who has not read Céline but not much help to those who have. It does have two virtues absent from a treatise that has been written about him before: Miss Ostrovsky is not obsessed by his anti-semitism—in fact she wanders unwearyingly off to the other extreme, with talk of his "admittedly objectionable" views—nor does she dismiss his best post-war books *D'un chétif à l'autre* and *Napoli* as the demerol-fueled ravings of a madman, but rather as the work of a man who, in spite of his "admittedly objectionable" views, is a serious collaborator, have seen in them.

But for the most part Miss Ostrovsky simply restates Céline's own statements, and in a way that is both tedious and irritating. She is not a good writer, and her style is full of errors and misstatements. She is not a good reader, and her interpretation of Céline's work is full of errors and misstatements. She is not a good critic, and her analysis of Céline's work is full of errors and misstatements. She is not a good scholar, and her research into Céline's work is full of errors and misstatements. She is not a good historian, and her account of Céline's life is full of errors and misstatements. She is not a good biographer, and her portrait of Céline is full of errors and misstatements. She is not a good literary critic, and her analysis of Céline's work is full of errors and misstatements. She is not a good scholar, and her research into Céline's work is full of errors and misstatements. 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life vitiated at several points the theories of conspiracy.

First, the selection of suitable assassins. Mr. Lane misses the point when he says "to quote verbatim—'I personally don't know who a conspiracy would pick as its assassin. Perhaps the conspirators, if they exist, would have preferred a college professor or a Rhodes Scholar. But I do know that Ruby killed Oswald quite effectively.' The point that Mr. Lane so lightly and so scornfully dismisses is a real and an important one: it is hard to conceive a pair less likely to be accepted—still less, to be chosen—as tools by men sitting down to plan a conspiracy that had to go like clockwork, than the moody and impulsive Ruby and the neurotic and unstable Oswald.

Then, the actual assassination. If it is hard to believe that Oswald hit his target in two out of three quick shots, it is harder still to suppose that two men, more than 100 yards apart and unable to see or communicate with each other—for a free observer the grassy knoll from the Depository window—could have synchronized their fire so perfectly; and it is hardest of all to imagine that conspirators would have allowed the success of their plan to depend on such a feat of synchronization.

Again, it is hard enough to see how a man could have fired repeatedly from the grassy knoll and got clean away in full view of the public; but it is really impossible to suppose that anyone planning an assassination would have placed him there for the purpose, in total ignorance of how many lookers-on, when the procession passed, would be standing near by, or perhaps actually occupying the place selected as his firing-point.

So with the murder of Oswald. It is suggested that Ruby, having arranged with the police to shoot the prisoner (before millions of viewers) in their basement, joined a queue five minutes before the shooting to send a cable in a Western Union office more than 100 yards away; the cable was handed in at 11.17, and the shooting took place at 11.21, Ruby reaching the basement with 30 seconds (by his own account) or (at most) three minutes to spare. Such a course of action—whether he knew, or (as seems much more likely) did not know, the exact time when his target would present itself—seems quite inconsistent with a concerted plan.

Finally, the crucial Bullet 399. True, on the "single bullet" theory of the Commission there was a strong actuarial probability that it would not have remained as nearly "pristine" as in fact it did, if it encountered strong and solid bone in its passage through two bodies. But how much stronger an obstacle to belief is provided by the practical improbability that a conspirator would have succeeded in reaching the hospital four miles away, in gaining access, through its maze of wards and passages, to the right place, in identifying the stretcher, and "planting" the bullet in it, unobserved. And, above all, how is it possible, if one gives due weight to all those difficulties, to conceive of anyone's devising a plot in which the bringing off of so improbable an exploit was a vital factor?

[The improbability (as always) be diminished by recruiting another conspirator—this time, someone on the hospital staff. But the more one thinks about the planted bullet theory the less credible it becomes. What was the purpose of planting it? To incriminate Oswald? It seems a very roundabout way of adding to the evidence against him, which was in any case, surely, strong enough without it. The planting seems altogether too chancy an exploit to have been made an essential factor in any plan, and far too elaborate a business to have been incorporated as an inessential factor.]

Much of the physical evidence adduced by the critics belongs to the same unreal, melodramatic world—a world where an object moving slowly away from the marksman (not across his field of vision) becomes a difficult target at under 100 yards; and where the discharge of a rifle in the open gives rise to a smell of "gun-powder" pervading a wide area, and creates (like a blunderbuss) "puffs of smoke" rising "six to eight feet" into the air. One wonders whether any of the critics who solemnly put forward such evidence in favour of a marksman on the "grassy knoll", or any of the

readers who accept it, has ever fired a rifle in his life.

This lack of realistic thinking pervades alike the demonologists and the professors' theories of conspiracy. They suppose that a complex organization can improvise and implement plans as easily as an individual—when "the Dallas police" suddenly "decides" to bump off Tippit in his car and does so at a moment's notice. Their "possibilities" are paper possibilities, abstract and unreal, not credible in the context of actual events; the actors in their drama are puppets, precluded from doing things that do not fit the predetermined hypothesis, because no perfectly reasonable man would have done them, yet allowed to do absurdly improbable things (because such things are mathematically possible) if the hypothesis requires it.

So with the witnesses: the critics treat them as simply "honest" or "dishonest", as if evidence that could not be swallowed whole must (or may, as suits the critic) be rejected entire; they forget that in real life witnesses are human beings, who may be—like Marina—temperamental, forgetful, less than candid, liable to contradict themselves, and yet bear honest and valuable testimony to the truth.

Faced with such a volume of controversial matter, how—it may be asked—is one to reach a conclusion? Read as much as you like of the critics, I would say, and dip as deep as you can into the twenty-six volumes of evidence; then turn to Mr. Manchester's hour-by-hour chronicle, to Mr. Ford's vivid *Portrait*, to Oswald's own "Historic Diary", to the Report itself. Glance, too, at Miss Jean Stafford's account of her interviews with Oswald's mother (who can "absolutely prove" her son's innocence, yet believes that he shot the President on the instructions of the C.I.A.—a "mercy-killing" for the President was dying of "Atkinson's Disease"), and at the honest picture of the family background given to *Look* by Robert Oswald, who is convinced of his brother's guilt. To read these human documents after the hypotheses of the demonologists is like coming back, after a course of science fiction or a study of microscopic slides, to the actual, everyday world; things appear in a recognizable context and in their true proportions; Oswald, Marina, Ruby, and the rest become real people—unsatisfactory witnesses it may be; unreasonable, even half-crazy individuals, but living human beings. There is room in that actual world for unaccountable factors and improbable events—the unexplained repair tag in the gunshop; the laundry-mark on Oswald's jacket; the strange entry in the Mexican bus manifest; the dubious apparition of Ruby at the Parkland Hospital—but such incidental mysteries do not shake one's ultimate conviction, on a review of the evidence as a whole, that the Commission were correct in their reading of the facts and just in their assessment of the principal characters. Neither Oswald nor Ruby was a cold-blooded schemer, a cog in some complex machine; a tool of the C.I.A. or of the Dallas police force; each acted on his own, and the actions of each were entirely in keeping with his nature.

Oswald, the frustrated husband, the disappointed Communist, the rootless misfit, nursed a vindictive grudge against success, against Society, against the United States—all personified for him in the President. The critics, looking for a copy-book assassin, ask why he should have denied his guilt, why he did not, rather, glory in the deed? But Oswald was no Hamlet; he ran away like the little rat he was; and *Sic semper tyranni* would have sat ill upon the lips of one who had just killed a "poor dumb cop".

As for Ruby: "You all know me, I'm Jack Ruby"; he was familiar in the police-station as the stable cat—the last man the police would have relied on to do their dirty work for them, but just the man to slip into their basement, unopposed, like the postman in the *Prisoner Brown* story; and just the man, when he got there, to fire, on impulse, a half-premeditated shot.

I would conclude then, that even if one agrees with Mr. Dwight MacDonald in his strictures on the Report—its shortcomings, he says, are serious and sometimes inexcusable—one must also agree with him that it "proves its bias beyond

a reasonable doubt"; "Oswald and Ruby did it all by themselves . . . we must accept that even though the Warren Report says it's true."

How is it then that people have fallen for the demonologists, and fallen so completely? The story proves, and has proved twice over, the truth of the old adage—*Populus vult decipi*: the public is very ready to be deceived.

At the outset, the ordinary man in the United States was eager to be given an "innocent", i.e., non-conspiratorial, explanation of the tragedy. Very naturally he wanted to be told that the American people were "not guilty of their President's death". So he gladly accepted the reassuring verdict offered by the Warren Commission and was ready to take on trust the conclusions contained in its Report. So, for a time, the Commission enjoyed the benefit of a climate of public opinion determined not by reason but by an emotional need.

Then a reaction set in: rebuffed for credulity, people began to be ashamed of their previous wishful thinking, and the tide of opinion, still impelled by a force that owed less to reason than to emotion, turned and began to work in favour of the critics.

By the autumn of 1966 the public, in its chastened mood, was ready for a conspiracy theory, the more sensational the better. And here those who attacked the Report enjoyed an advantage over its defenders: they had a more exciting story to tell. The man in the street, moreover, likes to hear that something sinister has been going on, particularly in high places, and the innuendoes of the demonologists certainly satisfied that requirement. Those innuendoes had also another kind of appeal: they allowed full scope for the exploitation of political prejudice; no targets could be more welcome, both to the rank and file of the Left and to its intellectual leaders, than the Texan oil plutocracy, the Radical Right, the F.B.I., and the C.I.A. If the White House and its present occupant could be somehow implicated, so much the better.

So the anti-establishmentarians, sincerely convinced of the justice of their case, set about their work. Their task was all too easy, for the public has almost lost, under the impact of "the media", the faculty of judging in a complex case between two conflicting bodies of evidence—and in this case what proportion of

those who believe in a conspiracy has attempted such a judgment? How many of them have opened the Report—let alone weighed its arguments against those of its attackers? Here again time has brought in its revenge: the critics who two years ago justly rebuked the public for accepting the Report without having looked at its contents are now profiting from the very same failure on the public's part: they can quote and misquote *ad libitum* from the twenty-seven volumes, with little fear of challenge or correction.

The last word—if indeed the last word is ever to be spoken—must await the outcome of the trial at New Orleans. But no light shed by that trial upon the tragedy can excuse its aftermath, or efface from the record a stain deeper than the crime itself: that left by the appetite that could swallow scurrilous lies like *MacBird*! (for which Mr. Robert Lowell claims "a kind of genius"), by the gullibility of the American public, and by the reckless news with which gullibility has been exploited, under a law that allows almost unlimited calumny of public officials, at whatever cost to the reputation of the innocent.

Postscript

Since the above was written, I have received from America copies of two books just out or on the point of publication: Mrs. Sylvia Meagher's *Accessories After the Fact* and Professor Josiah Thompson's *Six Seconds in Dallas*. I have not had time to study either, but I have read enough of each to be satisfied that further reading would not lead me to alter substantially anything that I have said.

As I have tried to show, critics of the Report are of two kinds: "demonologists", who are ready to sling at the authorities any stone and any mud that presents itself, and serious inquirers, who concentrate on a hard core of relevant evidence. Mrs. Meagher belongs to the first of these two classes, Professor Thompson to the second.

I had hoped for an authoritative judgment from Mrs. Meagher, who has an unrivalled knowledge of the Report and Evidence, to which she has compiled an Index; but the *partis pris* and political prejudice that permeate her book drive her to extremes that make her criticism ineffective. She confesses that her instantaneous reaction to the news on November 22 was to assume that a Communist would be "framed" as the assassin; readers who do not detect a Right-wing plot behind the assassination must be, in her phrase, "indentured to the Establishment"; and she thinks it relevant to refer in the course of her appraisals to "American Nazi thugs" and "the napalmed children of Vietnam". Not surprisingly, she is inclined to agree with Mrs. Margarette Oswald's "constant theory that her son had gone to the Soviet Union on clandestine assignment by his own government" (she makes no reference to this context in his *Historic Diary*); she thinks that there is "a powerful presumption of his complete innocence of all the crimes of which he was accused"; and she in her turn accuses the Commission of "unscrupulous misrepresentation". I cannot, on an admittedly hasty reading, discover anything important in her book that is not in

Six Seconds in Dallas is a very different kettle of fish. Its author is a Professor of Philosophy who has taken a year off from his academic studies to work on the problems of the assassination. He has gone in far greater detail than any previous student into two special areas of the inquiry: the origin and nature of the shots and the evidence of the bystanders. I can only deal very summarily with his conclusions. Basing himself on scientific evidence (set forth with a wealth of mathematical equations in a technical appendix prepared by an expert) he believes that the President was hit by four shots, two from the Book Depository, one from the knoll, and one from the roof of the Records Building on Houston Street, on the East side of Dealey Plaza.

I find the enlarged photographs which are supposed to reveal what sparks in windows and behind fences quite unconvincing; and the photographs from which Professor Thompson deduces the movements of the President and the Governor, when hit, and his assumptions about the effect of the strike of a bullet on the movements of a human body,

seem much too uncertain a foundation for the precise calculations that he bases on them. I therefore question his scientifically deduced conclusions about the trajectories of the bullets and the origin of the shot.

As for the testimony of the bystanders, Professor Thompson sets out statistical analyses of the evidence of nearly 200 of them, and appeals to the consensus of 33 (as against 25 in favour of the Depository) as proving that one at least of the shots came from the knoll. (He does not mention Bowers' evidence about the echo. Why not?) For reasons given in my article, I think that small weight can be attached to eyewitness evidence. Professor Thompson believes the reverse; but that belief militates against his own scientifically based conclusion that a shot must have been fired from the Records Building, for if anything stands out from his analysis it is that not one of the 190 witnesses is recorded as thinking that any shot came from that source.

Professor Thompson gives the fullest account I have seen of the findings of Bullet 399 and suggests an ingenious alternative to the theory that it was "planted": acceptance of his theory, however, seems consistent with the bullet's having come originally from the Governor's staircase. In dealing with the autopsy X-rays and photographs, he is clearly nonplussed by Mr. Manchester's disclosure; and his harsh criticism of the Commission's approach to the one-bullet theory would have had to be modified if he had read Professor Goodhart's revelations about *Inquest*.

Professor Thompson advances no wide or wild conspiracy hypotheses: he does not seek to involve the F.B.I. or C.I.A.; Ruby's name is mentioned only once in his book, Garrison's not at all. "Did Oswald shoot the President?" is one of the Unanswered Questions with which his book concludes, and among the Unanswered Questions are two in which he corrects extravagances of Mr. Lane, one being a reference to Miss Meyer's evidence, of which I have gratefully availed myself in the text above.

The following are among the books and periodicals consulted by Mr. Sparrow.

- WILLIAM MANCHESTER: *The Death of a President*. November, 20 November, 1963. 784pp. Michael Joseph, 23s.
- MARK LANE: *Rush to Judgment*. Introduced by Hugh Trevor-Roper. 478pp. Bodley Head, 22s. 2s.
- EDWARD J. BRENNAN: *Inquest: The Warren Commission and the Assassination of Truth*. Introduction by Richard E. Rovers. 244pp. Hutchinson, 30s.
- JOSEPH J. FOREMAN: *Oswald: Assassin or Fall Guy?* 206pp. Merlin Press, 18s.
- MARINA OSWALD: 165pp. 22s. *Oswald: The Truth*. 312pp. 22s. Peter D. Dawson. *The Garrison Enquiry*. 158pp. Peter Dawson in association with Tandem Books, 3s.
- CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *MacBird*. 1965. 76pp. Simon and Schuster, 6s. 9s.
- RICHARD H. POPKIN: *The Second Oswald*. Introduced by Murray Kemp. 159pp. Sphere Books and André Deutsch, 4s. 6d. *The Case for Garrison*. The New York Review of Books, September 14, 1967.
- HAROLD WEISBERG: *Whitewash: The Report on the Warren Report*. 368pp. Mayflower Dell Books, 3s.
- BARBARA GARRISON: *MacBird*. 76pp. Penguin 4s. 6d.
- A. L. GOODHART: *The Mysteries of the Kennedy Assassination and the English Press*. Law Quarterly Review, January, 1967.
- DWIGHT MACDONALD: *A Critique of the Warren Report*. Enquirer-Masch, 1965.
- ROBERT L. OSWALD: *He was my Brother*. Look, October, 1967.
- JOSIAH THOMPSON: *Six Seconds in Dallas*. 323pp. New York: Bernard Gels Associates. Distributed by Random House, 58.95.
- SYLVIA MEAGHER: *Accessories After the Fact: The Warren Commission, the Authorities and the Report*. 478pp. New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 58.95.
- JEAN STAFFORD: *A Mother in Mourning*. 98pp. Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.
- Playboy interview with Mark Lane, February, 1967. Playboy magazine, February, 1967.
- ALEXANDER M. BICKEL: *The Fall of the Warren Report*. Article in *Commentary*, October, 1966.

COMMENTARY

Philosophers of forgery would have done well to sit in at Sotheby's recent two-day sale of, to quote the catalogue: "The Celebrated Collection, formed by Sir Maurice Parisier, of Manchester, of the notorious Nineteenth-Century Pamphlets and other important Wisniana, manuscript and printed. These were the 'ana' of Thomas J. Wise, who died in 1937 after a lifetime of bibliographical study and now imposed its own canon of rarity and authenticity and the 32 lots, which included the Parisier Collection and some reinforcements from the shelves of Messrs. Carter and Pollard, fetched a total of £23,907.

Not only Wise's forgeries did well. A first edition of his own *Verses of 1882* was sold for £90 and a second edition of a year later for £55, about the ten times what a first edition of *In Memoriam* might make, while £180 was given for one of four copies on vellum of Wise the editor of Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale", and £20 for a copy on paper.

But these prices are simply a tribute to Wise the forger and it was the 135 lots of Section Four: "Forgeries, Counterfeit Editions, Suspects, Pseudoes" that did best of all. A fortnight before the Parisier sale a copy of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Poems of 1850*, which contains the first printing of *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, fetched £48, but Wise's spurious predecessor for this volume, *Sonnets, "Reading 1847"* actually produced in 1893 went for £20. Another 1893 counterfeit, of

Matthew Arnold's *Alaric at Rome*, 1840, a genuine original of which might now be worth £50 or £60, reached the highest price of all, £80, and the same sort of disparity applied to bogus editions of Swinburne, Ruskin and other eminently forgeable Victorians.

As a result some collectors must now be hoping to prove that their latest genuine Wises are not originals at all but genuine Wises: a long sought edition of George Borrow, now authenticated, went in the sale for a wretched £6. But the outraged bibliophile who wants to out-Wise Wise can take heart from the oddest event of all at Sotheby's sale: lot 256, a Wise forgery called *Brother and Sister, Sonnets by Marian Lewes* (George Eliot) was sold for £25; lot 257 was a twentieth-century (American?) counterfeit of *In Memoriam* might make, while £180 was given for one of four copies on vellum of Wise the editor of Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale", and £20 for a copy on paper.

This is the season of literary ill-will when Parisian writers and critics do their annual jury service, vanishing into various chic restaurants for an evening's testy balloting on the year's novels. As soon as the results are announced the two debates begin: is this novel really better than that one, and, more meaningful, are the prizes intended to go to young hopefuls or old swans? This year, at least, two of France's manifest and most substantial novelists have been recognized, by juries clearly out to reward an oeuvre rather than a single book. The Prix Goncourt has been given to André Pieyre de Mandiargues, a writer in his late fifties, for *La Marge* (reviewed in the TLS on June 15, 1967), and the Prix Médicis to Claude Simon for *L'Histoire* (TLS, June 7, 1967), which is very closely linked with his earlier novels. The other prizes were intended to encourage new writers: Salvat Elchart, a novelist who lives in Martinique, won the Prix Renaudot for *Le Monde tel qu'il est*, Yvonne Baby the Prix Interjelly for *Oni, l'espoir*, Claire Etchelli the Prix Fémina (all-woman jury) for *Elise ou la vraie vie*, and Michel-Tournier the novel prize of the Académie Française for *Vendredi* (TLS, July 27, 1967). But the most startling appearance in the voting lists was Georges Bataille's *Histoire de l'oeil* (TLS, August 3, 1967), a very brisk piece of pornography which first appeared in the 1920s and now competed, unsuccessfully, for a new prize awarded by women journalists.

The idea that it is culture which keeps burglars at bay is not a new one—where is the tycoon's wall safe expected to be if not behind his Old Master? The same subtly is now being exploited by Heron Books, who advertise what they call a Book-Safe: "Conceal your small valuable . . . in the least obvious place! Safely lock them away between the covers of what looks exactly like another book." Heron Books clearly assume that burglars don't read the posh papers they advertise in, and that the least obvious place will go on being the least obvious place however often you draw attention to it.

FIFTY-YEAR RULE

Extracts from reviews published anonymously in the TLS on December 13, 1917

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A Centenary Memorial. Edited by BUTLER WOOD.

Thirteen well-known writers, many of them illustrious, have here united in testifying that Charlotte Brontë is still a shining object to which the eyes of the living turn with love and question after the hundred years. Indubitably, she has not faded, but it is also evident that to so many people she is the same star. Indeed, this book would be well worth reading were it only as a lesson in the nature and nature of criticism. If we are ever inclined to think that the past has been said and that our minds are made up for the rest of our lives, we may now change that opinion. There are thirteen writers, all particularly fit to define the character of this one woman and to pass judgment upon her three books, and each one of them is struck by a different quality, or values the same quality in a different rate. Nevertheless, we must resign the comfort of depending upon an infallible supplanter, for this means we get a much more various, and finally, we get a truer estimate than is usual. It is an example that might well be followed: were it not that few subjects lend themselves so happily to this particular treatment.

There are not many writers capable, after a century, of kindling such sparks in such different minds. The essay by Mrs. Humphry Ward for the whole of the most comprehensive, not only because we read it because we have been disturbed, but because she is herself a novelist and has a wide knowledge of literature and a deep authority to her view. She quotes Renan, upon the Celts, and upon the Brontës; she says which grasps at passion and which is the true thing; "Charlotte Brontë, she lives, because she is both a writer and an observer, bringing the faculty to bear on the truth as it is." To this we should add, according to Mrs. Ward, that at least partially the curates of the Brontë canon have not been the same as the curates of the Brontë canon, and yet if you read the first chapter of "Shirley" you will find that Charlotte Brontë has already achieved what she has done.

part of its duty. It has revived our impression and given us the sense of possessing a live and combative conception of our author. Good criticism also is subtly suggestive; Mrs. Ward whispers "poetry, truth, feeling", and sets us thinking how we too have felt the breath of the moors, and seen the purple sunset, and loved that angular honesty and rated it above wisdom. Still, Mr. Gosse interrupts, checking a mood which easily runs riot, have you ever thought how it would be to talk to Charlotte Brontë? "It would probably have been disconcerting to the highest degree." She was without experience of the "social amenities". The atmosphere of Haworth was hard and dry; she lived in the "blast of a perpetual moral east wind." "She has the impatience, the unreasonable anger and revolts, of an unappreciated adolescent." All this, too, was latent in our conception, an important element, and one that has stamped itself irrevocably upon her work. If she had gone to Paris, not Brussels, if, as Mr. Gosse suggests, she had studied Balzac, if even she had enjoyed a few years of happiness, in what directions might she not have developed? It is tempting to speculate how humour and charity and genius itself would have ripened in the sun of a happy marriage. But such reflections are presently cut short by Bishop Welldon. "It," he says, "Charlotte Brontë owed much to her own life, most of all did she owe to its sadness." For the moment this gives us pause; we grudge deeply any tribute to the value of sadness. The moral east wind and the anger bred of sadness are still too fresh in our minds. But then, after all, that intensity of passion which we honour most perhaps in Charlotte Brontë was only ground out by conflict; make her happy, make her amiable, make her fluent in society, and the writer we know has ceased to exist.

In spite of their diversities, however, these three critics have helped us to shape our conception and have not said anything which is so incompatible that we cannot make use of it. But there are more general questions to be considered, and upon these, too, the critics are at variance. Dr. Garnett tells us that her principal shortcoming was that she could not create a character "by sheer force of imagination", and therefore,

having to draw upon experience, had already exhausted her material. Completely though this verdict is reversed a few pages later by Professor Vaughan, the question for us lies not in reconciling the critics but in deciding what is meant by "sheer force of imagination". Tolstoy, for example, drew far more accurately from life than Charlotte Brontë, but one can hardly charge him with a lack of creative power, or with poverty of material. Indeed, the opposite seems to be the truth; those who fix their eyes upon life itself depend more upon "sheer force of imagination" than the purely subjective artists, if such there be, who create from their own resources. But the danger of using such ugly words as the old subjective and objective is illustrated by Dr. Garnett, who, in spite of her dependence upon experience, puzzles us by placing Charlotte Brontë chief among those writers who are subjective.

But, although there are dangers, assumptions and questions of ill-defined scope leading us as far as we choose to go, the tenor of this book is unmistakable. She is the novelist of passion, of intensity, of revolt. Upon the general outlines all are agreed, but only one critic, Mr. Chesterton, makes, to our thinking, an unexpected contribution. An Irish friend of his, living in Yorkshire, "once made to me the suggestive remark that the towering and over-masculine barbarians and lunatics who dominate the Brontë novels simply represent the impression produced by the rather boastful Yorkshire manners upon the more civilized and sensitive Irish temperament." That is all the more suggestive if you remember that the Brontës, being Irish and Cornish by birth,

There is also the matter of the way in which the Book-Safe is bound or rather "moulded"—in "high impact styrene", with "gold embossed titles and lining with rounded spines". The safemakers do not reveal what titles have been chosen (Robert Shaw's *The Hiding Place* might do for a start), and since the sort of volume they describe would be absurdly conspicuous on most modern bookshelves the only possible conclusion is that true security cannot lie in a Book-Safe alone—to go with it you also need a nice long line of other high impact Heron Books.

According to his agent, A. D. Peters, Evelyn Waugh read what the critics had to say about the film version of *The Loved One*, and never went to see it. Whether he would, as is now suggested by the producers, have approved of the forthcoming film of *Decline and Fall* is perhaps a question better left until that particular enterprise is finished. He would certainly not have been left unmoved by the advance publicity, which speaks of that book as "a model for angry young men" and claims that the new film provides "Prestige Treatment for a Classic of our Time."

What sort of treatment? Well, "as a middle-class undergraduate at Oxford, Paul Pennyfeather's adventures begin when he is made the fall guy for some rag week pranks indulged in by a group of rich, upper-bracket collegemen; he is expelled. He becomes a master at a seedy pri-

vate school [sic] . . ." This stirring drama of the classes is to be performed by a cast "full of interest and distinction", including "Britain's most enduring theatre knight" (guess which that is) and "one of the first ladies of the French stage", whose "fluent English has enabled her to respond to offers from Hollywood". There is a good deal more equally fluent English to be had from the Unit Publicist, Metrobrit, Boreham Wood. It all sounds most promising—as a subject for a story à la Evelyn Waugh.

Eight years ago a National Committee was set up by University College London, to plan an edition of the complete works of Jeremy Bentham—the only edition of this kind, completed in 1843, is now pretty well unobtainable—and at last it begins to seem as if the committee's labours are bearing fruit. The Athlone Press announce Volumes 1 and 2 of Bentham's *Correspondence* for February of next year, and cautiously predict that two volumes of his legal writings might appear in 1969. This will be followed (in 1970, perhaps?) by some more letters, and an edition of the Constitutional Code. And here the publisher's predictions stop short; though they are prepared to estimate that there will be thirty-eight volumes altogether. In fact, at the present (estimated) rate of progress Bentham addicts can look forward to the complete works by 1986—twenty-seven scholarly years after the committee's inauguration.

(VIRGINIA WOOLF)

The book was published by Fisher Unwin at 8s. 6d.

SOME WAR BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

The Children's Story of the War, by Sir Edward Parrott (Nelson, 4s. 6d. net), continues its course. The present volume begins with the "great push" on the Somme, and ends with the Kaiser's peace overtures at the end of 1916, with divergences to Rumania and German East Africa, and special chapters on the disfigurement of the Zeppelins, "heroes of the Victoria Cross", and the murder of Captain Fryatt. It is the tone of books of this class which most emphatically brings home to us the new temper which German methods of waging war have stirred. Children's books about previous wars have not, as a rule, preached hatred of the enemy. The narrative was generally animated by the chivalrous spirit of the tournament, and victory was presented as the prelude to reconciliation. Many deliberate and cold-blooded crimes have now made that attitude impossible. The enemy of the Entente has shown that he is also the enemy of the human race, and it is perhaps unavoidable that those who write for the young should feel themselves constrained to speak of him as such. Consequently the tone of the present work is bitter—particularly bitter when it reviews the Fryatt case.

Thrilling Deeds of British Airmen, by Eric Wood (Harrap, 3s. 6d. net), illustrates the various types and phases of aerial warfare, from "spotting" to Zeppelin-strafing. The writer is handicapped by the parsimony with which our War Office, for reasons which we do not presume to criticize, publishes the names of the authors of sensational achievements; but he does his best with such material as is at his disposal, and his best is good. In view of the increasing demand for recruits for the various branches of the air service its extensive circulation will be a public advantage. It makes excellent reading even for adults.

The contents of *From All Fronts*, by Donald Mackenzie (Blackie, 2s. 6d. net), are more miscellaneous. It includes accounts of heroes as various as Sir William Robertson and John Bradbury, who "enlisted when he was only fourteen and served in the Gloucestershire Regiment for about a year", distinguishing himself at Gallipoli by filling water-bottles under fire. A very interesting chapter which we could wish to have been longer treats of "dogs in warfare", and tells some really remarkable stories of the feats of the friend of man. It will be news to most people that at the end of the second year of the war the French had nearly 3,000 dogs trained for ambulance work, and that owing to their help about 10,000 lives have been saved. There are also stirring stories of sentinels dogs, including "Marquis", who fell dead, like Browning's little hero, while delivering a dispatch, and the dogs of burden that draw the sledges in the Vosges. Other chapters sketch the careers of Sir Douglas Haig and Sir David Beatty and Generals Foch and Pétain, and commemorate the heroism of Emilienne Moreau, famous as the Lady of Loos. Fiction is represented by two romances—*With Haig on the Somme*, by D. H. Parry (Cassell, 3s. 6d. net), and *When Beatty Kept the Seas*, by Captain Frank H. Shaw (Cassell, 3s. 6d. net). The formula in both books is the usual one. In each case, that is to say, an imaginary hero, enviably young, performs heroic feats in connexion with real historical episodes, and has many narrow escapes from death in performing them. Both stories are admirable, but the naval story pleased us the better. It begins with a good fight: it ends with a good fight; and good fights abound on the intervening pages. The author shows the candour of his mind by introducing one German who really talks and behaves like a gentleman and by commending every German who shows courage. Captain Müller, of the *Emden*, has been described as "a real gentleman" by one of his captors, and it cannot be doubted that such men are painfully sensible of the disgrace with which the cowardice and savagery ordered by their High Command has stained the German name.

(FRANCIS GRIBBLE)

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Art and Architecture

MARTIN, ROLAND. *Living Architecture: Greek*. 192pp. Photographs by Henri Stierlin. Oldbourne, £2 15s.

This volume has the same merits and faults as the volumes on other historic styles and epochs already published in the same series. Its merits are superb photographs, well printed; clearly drawn plans and diagrams; and a scholarly but very readable text. Its faults are a maddening arrangement of the photographs, which have no captions and can be identified only by referring to a list in another part of the book, and a preface that neither introduces the book nor illuminates its subject. The author of the preface in this case is the Swiss sculptor Max Bill, who confesses to knowing most of the ancient Greek buildings only from pictures, and provides the reader with illustrations of some of his own designs.

MOZTER, MIKLOS. *Dutch Genre Paintings*. Translated by Eva Racz. 48 plates. Corvina Press, London: Clemenis Press, 25s.

After Holland had thrown off the Spanish yoke, Dutch artists awoke to an awareness of their surroundings. The Museum of Fine Arts, Budapest, and the István Dobó Museum, Eger, can muster between them, a most representative collection of this prolific period. In this selection of above-average colour reproductions: wedding feasts, scenes in taverns, market places and the home, the sharpening of a quill and the slaughtering of the family pig, all carry an air of intimacy that is also artistically satisfying.

Some quaint English has been offered to us in the past in this excellent series, but the present twenty-five-page introduction is impeccably translated.

WEIDERT, WERNER. *Private Houses: An International Survey*. Translated by E. Rockwell. 165pp. Thames and Hudson, £5 5s.

The individually designed private house, though not of great importance in relation to planning or the environment, remains a significant branch of architecture because it lends itself to experiment, is often the place where new ideas first emerge and (though not so much as formerly) often gives young architects their first opportunity.

A collection of interesting new houses is therefore always welcome, but it should not be subtitled an international survey when it is no such thing. This quite arbitrary collection makes no attempt to survey the international field. The thirty-three houses it illustrates come from only eight countries, with Denmark and the United States predominating. There is nothing from Japan, Latin America, Sweden, Holland or Italy, and the three-page introduction

where international practices might have been discussed, is very perfunctory.

The houses (mostly of a fairly luxurious kind) are, however, well shown and described. The text is in German as well as English.

Biography and Memoirs

COURAGE, MICHAEL, with WRIGHT, DERMOT. *New Guinea Venture*. 190pp. Robert Hale, 25s.

No Indian Civil Service, no Sudan Political Service, no Colonial Service, no East of Suez—young men these days have exceptional difficulty in seeking out adventure in traditional form. There is, however, Voluntary Service Overseas. It is different in two main respects; it can only provide a minimum length of expatriate experience and it is also mostly for those in their teens; these conditions might lend themselves to narration in a series of newsletters but are less adequate material for an account in book length. This book, with its laboured style and inevitable naivety, gives an impression of being drawn out. The interest lies in the contrast between New Guinea life and the raconteur's immediate past at a celebrated English school. The experience, including a bout of scrub typhus, are of the essential rawness that New Guinea is particularly disposed to provide. The teen-age has more than its share of publicity, particularly so far as music is concerned, but also in other directions: it has not yet gained a literary grip. Here is a different kind of teenager, a now rather rare adventurous spirit, and for that reason this account is commendable and perhaps worth publicity, but the question remains whether publication is not premature or inappropriate in book form.

MOREVSKI, ABRAHAM. *There and Back*. Translated by Joseph Leftwich. 256pp. James Clarke, 35s.

The Yiddish theatre is rather out on a limb these days, dubiously received in Israel, virtually non-existent in the U.S.A. and Britain, and decreasingly supported in eastern Europe. Abraham Morevski was one of the great figures in its heyday at the turn of the century, of the same generation, roughly, as Rudolph Schildkraut, and in these memoirs he writes of his early days in the Russian theatre, up to 1910, with a few momentary flashes forward to later years. The book is readable, sometimes touching, and a vivid document of a world which now seems impossibly remote.

PEREIRA, W. D. *The Wheat from the Chaff*. 152pp. Dent, 30s.

Mr. Pereira picks out half a dozen people who have caught his fancy down the years and puts them into chapters that are in part short stories and in part slices of his autobiography. The characters are a picturesque lot—they include a coloured

nurse, a Wimbledon schoolmaster and an amorous airman—but somehow, though the book has a modest interest, the promise is more impressive than the performance.

Botany

FINDLAY, W. P. K. *Wayside and Woodland Fungi*. 202pp. Frederick Warne, £3 5s.

Dr. Findlay is a well-known authority on pests and diseases affecting timber. In the present volume he has turned his attention to the wider field of wayside and woodland fungi, the book being beautifully illustrated by Beatrix Potter and others. An introduction to the study of fungi and their relationship to man is followed by identification keys and an account of the different groups of fungi, the Latin names being in accordance with the Check List of the British Mycological Society. The book will be of great value to serious students of the subject, to amateurs and to others, who though agreeing with Horace that "the meadow mushroom are in kind the best" may nevertheless find pleasure in learning more about these fascinating and elusive plants.

Cookery

McKINNELL, JOYCE. *The Minus Meat Cook Book*. 207pp. Allen and Unwin, 30s.

Those still old-fashioned enough to dismiss vegetarians as cranks would do well to read Joyce McKinnell's book. Everything about it—other than the title—is excellent. Well written and attractively presented, it emphasizes the nutritional value of whole foods and a meatless diet. It is comprehensive in its scope, with particularly good sections on bread, cheese, eggs and vegetables. Cooks who are worried by modern factory-farming methods or even the sheer expense of meat eating will find inspiration in this lively, sane book.

History

LIPMAN, V. D. *The Jews of Medieval Norwich*. 355pp. The Jewish Historical Society of England, £3 3s.

Dr. V. Lipman, ex-president of the Jewish Historical Society of England, has done valuable service to medieval English and Jewish history by this comprehensive study of the Jews of medieval Norwich which was second in importance to the London community. He found in the Westminster Abbey Mithram Room a hoard of Latin documents, which were the Day-Book Rolls, recording the transactions of the Jews in the thirteenth century. He has included them, with an English summary of their contents, in an appendix of 193 pages. In the main text he gives a vivid account of the life of the community: their numbers and social structure, their relations to the Christian environ-

ment, their economic institutions and their religious and intellectual life. As an illustration he takes one family, of Jurnet, which was the wealthiest and most influential, and describes its pattern of family relationships and its loan and mortgage activities. Norwich Jewry in the twelfth century suffered from the first anti-Jewish charges in England of ritual murder. It started by the finding of a boy's dead body, and the Jews were accused of taking his blood for the Passover. The boy became St. William.

The Jews were the King's chattels, to be sold or transferred as he pleased. From time to time Richard I or Henry III would take some of them under his protection for his own financial purposes. The end of a gloomy story tells of the attempt of Edward I to turn the Jewish money-lenders into merchants and artisans. He failed, and finally in 1290 came the decree of expulsion from the Kingdom.

The book is not easy reading because of its massive documentation; but the illustrations, maps and index make it easier. For good measure Dr. Lipman has included a number of Hebrew poems of a Norwich worthy, Rabbi Meir, which were edited by another scholar, A. M. Haberman. He does not give an English translation or summary.

ROUSE, E. CLIVE, VINCE, ELLIOTT (Editors). *Records of Buckinghamshire*. Vol. 18. Part 1. 107pp. Buckinghamshire Archaeological Society.

Two recently uncovered mural paintings are described and illustrated by Mr. Clive Rouse in the current *Buckinghamshire Records*. The earlier series, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is in Padbury church, where work in 1964 brought to light more paintings in addition to those already known. The other wall paintings, Elizabethan and Jacobean (here dated between 1594 and 1620), have been discovered in a house at Beaconsfield. From the parish chest at Chalfont St. Peter, Mr. G. C. Edmunds transcribes from and discusses the accounts kept by the overseers of the poor in the earlier years of the eighteenth century.

Literature and Literary Criticism

MACCALLUM, M. W. *Shakespeare's Roman Plays and their Background*. 666pp. Macmillan, £3 3s.

Though published as long ago as 1910 and in some respects superseded by later work, Sir Munro MacCallum's *Shakespeare's Roman Plays* is still a useful book; indeed, Professor T. J. B. Spencer in a foreword to this reissue calls it an indispensable one. MacCallum was Professor of Modern Literature at the University of Sydney and this was his most important work, in which a close scrutiny of the three plays is preceded by a long introductory study of earlier Roman plays and of Shakespeare's sources. Plutarch, Arnyot and North. In his new preface to this reissue Professor Spencer writes frankly of the shortcomings as well as the qualities of the book, and indicates the chief subsequent work on these plays.

REEVE, CLARA. *The Old English Baron*. Edited with an introduction by James Trainor. 154pp. Oxford University Press, 21s.

In her most famous novel, originally and less temptingly titled *The Champion of Virtue*, Clara Reeve set out to follow the lead given by Horace Walpole in *The Castle of Otranto*; and at the same time improve on her model, which she thought excessively fantastical. *The Old English Baron* is certainly more reasonable and probable than *Otranto*, but it stops considerably short of Mrs. Radcliffe's determination to explain away everything which could possibly be taken as supernatural. Clara Reeve has ghosts and ghostly happenings, but they are quiet, and contribute sensibly to the process by which the noble hero, humbly born it would seem, is restored at last to his birthright.

Mathematics

FUCHS, WALTER R. *Modern Mathematics*. Translated by Dr. H. Holstein. 286pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 36s.

Many books have recently been published whose aim has been to explain

something of the content of modern mathematics to the layman. How successful have been these attempts? The results have been uneven: too often of mathematical topics, without any apparent underlying cohesive pattern. Dr. Holstein from the German, is therefore all the more welcome as an out to show how mathematicians think about their subject, what sort of arguments they employ and what typical problems. The style is simple but there is never any suspicion of talking down to the reader: previous knowledge is not assumed but concentration is demanded if the logical development is to be successfully followed. To anyone with a genuine desire to learn something of the content of modern mathematics, and who is prepared to devote some effort to the task, this book can be strongly recommended.

Medieval Studies

A Dictionary of Angels. Compiled and edited by Gustav Davidson. 387pp. New York: The Free Press. London: Collier-Macmillan. £3 3s.

If it were not used so often by booksellers in a different context, "curious" would perhaps be an appropriate description of this elaborate encyclopedia of angels, good and bad alike. Here you can learn that Gelliel is "one of the twenty-eight mansions of the moon" and that "The Tall Angel" has 70,000 heads and is "assumed to be Sandalphon." And illustrations drawn from such angelic specialists as Gabriel Dore and various illustrators of *Paradise Lost* will help to make your flesh creep if Mr. Davidson's industrious entries fail to stir the imagination. A full appendix provides such useful information as lists of the angels of the hours of the day and night, the names of Lilith, the seventy angels invoked at the time of childbirth and in "Invocation for Exiling Love in the Heart of the Person who is the Object of our Desire."

Angels have always encouraged the higher flights of speculation. The sum of most people's knowledge of the medieval scholastics, after all, is their alleged interest in debating how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. Mr. Davidson has ranged wide in gathering this amazing collection of wonder, horror, superstition and genuine conviction of spiritual reality. He draws largely on the more bizarre legends of apocalyptic literature and the fantasies of pulp lore. But his *Dictionary* is a valuable source for those who want to make the most of their Dante or their Milton, not to speak of the more arcane regions of cabalistic literature.

Sports and Pastimes

WILLIAMS, J. G. P. and SCOTT, A. C. *Rowing: A Scientific Approach*. 160pp. Kynce and Ward, 30s.

This book arose from a conference at Beaufort College, whose rowing master, Tony Scott, sought to direct the attention of a number of distinguished scientists to the problems of the sport. The contributors are Dr. J. G. P. Williams, Medical Director of Farnham Park Rehabilitation Centre, F. J. Wellcome, Senior Scientific Officer at the National Physical Laboratory, Alastair Cameron, Imperial College Reader in Engineering, H. E. Robson, Principal Lecturer in Anatomy, and Dr. William Campbell, Principal Lecturer at St. Luke's College, Exeter.

Few sports are as prolific as rowing in the production of freestyle, and perhaps burside, theories. It is a change, its mysteries are the various unexplained by experts in the relevant fields. Occasionally, perhaps, they are blinded by their own expertise to the underlying problems of sport in which art obstinately declines to conform to science. But the exercise of subjecting the art of rowing to the disciplines of science is highly rewarding. The more coach of rowing man should not be put off by the alarming array of mathematical and geometrical, much of which might have been relegated to an appendix. And certainly nobody who is seriously involved in rowing could afford not to tackle this book.

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(See Listener, December 24, 1959, p. 1109, and The World of Learning).

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